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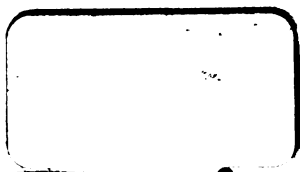


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PUBLIC EXERCISES, 1882



PUBLIC EXERCISES, 1882

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

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By the Hon. JOHN JAY, LL.D., President of the Fraternity

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FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN COLLEGE EDUCATION

By MERRILL EDWARD GATES, Ph.D.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN SCIENCE

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL SONG

By the Rev. PERCY BROWNE

THE DUTY TO HIS AGE OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

BY THE HON. JOHN JAY, LL.D.,

President of the Fraternity.

Gentlemen, Brothers of the Alpha Delta Phi:—

A QUARTER of a century since, members of our Fraternity, of whom many have passed to the spirit-land and some are here to-day, met in New York to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. Again we assemble to hail the completion of the half-century, which finds our numbers counted by thousands, representing chapters in seventeen colleges of high repute, — some of them, like Harvard, Yale and Columbia, dating back to the colonial time, and all honorably identified with our constitutional history and national progress.

This assemblage, gathered from various parts and representing all ages and professions, illustrates the unity and breadth of our Association tersely described in its legend, *Manus multæ, cor unum*. The college songs, rung out so cheerily by our younger brothers coming from academic shades, unite the hearts and voices of those who come from the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the clinique; from collegiate, scholastic and

editorial chairs, from executive and legislative seats; from the counting-house, the manufactory, the mine, the scientific workshop; and from diplomatic posts abroad, where last year our Fraternity was represented in England by Lowell, in France by Noyes and in Belgium by Putnam.

Your Grecian choruses awaken in all their freshness college memories that blend and harmonize the sympathies of young and old, now met perhaps for the first time, but who never meet as strangers when they greet as brothers of the Alpha Delta Phi.

Our older members, recalling both the excellences and the defects of collegiate education in their day, view with peculiar regard their successors from colleges whose advanced systems are to develop the robustness of frame and of character with physical, moral and mental strength, with the high resolve, the thorough training, the republican simplicity, the manly courage, the force of will, and the power of work which fit an earnest man to sway his generation and guide it in the path of honor.

To each of these students it belongs to strengthen and adorn the noble institutions bequeathed by our fathers, to enlarge the capacity and happiness of the race, and to illustrate, in whatever path he may select, the duty of the scholar to his age.

What the scholarship of our land did for the country in the early days of the Revolution may be read in the memorable tribute of the Earl of Chatham to the State

papers of the Congress at Philadelphia ; and what power scholarship and the philosophic study of history have given in our day to a right-minded, clear-headed, patriotic citizen, the deep damnation of whose taking-off touched not this nation alone but the heart of Christendom, may be read in the tributes of the civilized world to the eloquence and power and statesmanship of Garfield. Year by year we hail these student-bands from academy and college, bringing the treasures of ancient learning and modern science, and the invaluable lessons of history, to the service of the country ; and not to be forgotten in this presence is the task of enriching and developing, with classic taste and sterling thought, our glorious English tongue with its wealth, its structure and its marvellous capacity of expression, to which our Fraternity has contributed in prose and verse by the works of authors on her roll, such as Bishop Cleveland Coxe, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, George William Curtis, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, James Russell Lowell and others whose names are destined to a similar eminence in American literature. But chiefly do we hail our collegiate graduates as bringing to their work as American citizens — whose political responsibilities commence at twenty-one — the sympathies and aspirations of ingenuous youth, and its natural repugnance to shams, meanness, treachery and fraud, no matter by what euphemisms they may be described, nor by what partisan chiefs or caucuses they may be sanctioned. Let them bring to the country in time of peace the same chivalric devo-

tion which inspired our college boys when, at the call of Lincoln, they left the paternal home and their Alma Mater to meet in the field hardship, disease, wounds and death, so only that they might save the Republic from overthrow by slavery and secession.

Their victory,—for the glory achieved at Appomattox, and in the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, a decree of emancipation for two races, belonged to all who volunteered for the Union in that great contest, as it did to the famous soldiers and statesmen whose names it encircled,—their victory ended a struggle which had been waged for some thirty years. Chief among the lessons which it teaches is one which American citizens should never forget, especially those who remember that every principle contains within itself the germ of a prophecy that there is no abuse in government, however sanctioned by antiquity, cloaked by religion, or intrenched by power; however ingeniously advocated, resolutely defended, or backed by prejudice and interest, which can stand the assault of truth and appeals to reason and conscience, continued from year to year with wisdom, tact, undaunted faith and unflinching perseverance.

Another important lesson was taught by the contest. The birth year of our Fraternity, 1832, was also, as you remember, the year of “Nullification” in South Carolina, and of General Jackson’s statesmanlike proclamation that the Union must be preserved. The general declared that nullification meant disunion; and

then was struck the historic and significant medal inscribed, "John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy."

But for the record from that day to the attack on Sumter, the world would hardly credit the extent to which a policy misnamed conservative, and adopted by both political parties, attempted to conciliate the slave-power by yielding at its demand freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of debate in Congress, and even the right of petition to our senators and representatives. Texas was annexed and Mexico invaded on a false pretence. The bench, the bar, the pulpit, church conventions, religious societies, men of all classes, joined in treating our colored citizens of the North as if they had no rights which white men were bound to respect. Eminent statesmen endorsed the fugitive-slave law with its surrender of rules of evidence and olden guarantees of liberty, and thus they strengthened and encouraged the slave-power until it deemed itself strong enough to destroy the Republic; and a war which cost a million of lives and ten thousand millions of money was the price at which the Republic was saved from that erroneous policy of concession.

It was neither the first nor the last time in the history of nations that attempts to conciliate by the surrender of principle have aggravated wrong, encouraged aggression, and been rewarded by treachery and blood. Europe and America alike know the power of assassination as a political method, by way of revenge for

executive action, or to effect a change of national policy.

Happily colleges like Columbia are recognizing the duty, too long neglected, of instructing the students in their political duties by founding a department of history and political science; and let us hope that no college nor academy will regard its curriculum as complete until this want is supplied. Can a worthier subject occupy the attention of the Executive Council of the Alpha Delta Phi; and should not our public schools throughout the Republic be furnished with a national text-book on the rights and duties of citizens so strictly in accord with constitutional principles as to be approved by jurists of both parties?

While recognizing our political system as the best in the world for American citizens properly instructed in the theory and practice of our national Constitution, inspired by its principles, loyal to its authority, and able to employ a free and intelligent judgment in the exercise of the suffrage, it must also be admitted that the safety and advantages of our system would all be lost if it were to be administered by a people ignorant or regardless of its principles, and tolerant of dictation. Touching this danger to the state from a foreign and un-American education, Mr. Webster said, with weight, that the power over education was one of the powers essentially belonging to the government, the exercise of which is the duty of self-preservation.

Force was added to this remark by the learned Dr.

Orestes A. Brownson, when he showed that American civilization was "the farthest point in advance as yet reached by any age or nation ; that foreigners who come to educate according to their civilization, necessarily educate for a civilization behind the times and below that of the country."

Devoted, as he was, to the religious faith which he had adopted,—the faith of many liberal and loyal citizens, from Carroll, of Carrollton, to Gen. Phil. Sheridan,—Dr. Brownson warned the country that "the foreignism which Roman Catholics bring with them and perpetuate in their foreign colony is uncatholic and antagonistic to the American idea, and has done more injury to the American idea of civilization than the Catholicity they also bring with them has done good." He added that they "educate, not for the present or the future, but for the past," and that their education aims "to restore a past age and order of things which it is neither possible nor desirable to continue, for it could only be restored by a second childhood."

The danger to the state and the wrong to its children, by subjecting them to such an education by those who reject the American idea, become the more conspicuous in view of the foreign enmity to our Republic disclosed during the Civil War.

The fundamental principle of equal and inalienable rights, which secured us the sympathy of the peoples of Europe, arrayed against us the aristocracy of England and the Continent, the imperialism of France, and the

world-wide influence of the Court of Rome. The fact that His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff, with a confidence in his reading of the result of the war exhibited by no other sovereign, recognized the Southern Confederacy and welcomed its emissaries, is an historic incident not to be forgotten; and the commendatory letter in Latin of Pius IX. to "the illustrious and honorable President," Jefferson Davis, "given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 3d of September, 1863, and of our Pontificate eighteen," is deserving of the most careful attention in considering the influences and events, at home and abroad, which embarrassed the government and prolonged the war.

Gentlemen and Brothers:—The broad splendor of our country, the grandeur of this Republic, victorious, united and free, with our sectional troubles disposed of, as we trust, forever, is a theme which fascinates even strangers, as they view its gigantic industries and trade, its discoveries and inventions, its advances in science, its popular progress in education, its stupendous enterprises with sudden and colossal wealth, which make our record read less like the result of actual statistics than like a tale of fiction surpassing in its marvels the unfettered luxuriance of an Eastern imagination.

What the fifty years since the birth of our Fraternity have done for America in morals, literature, science, collegiate education and politics, you will hear from distinguished gentlemen whose own careers have eminently fitted them for the task. The brilliant picture

they will present of the majestic march of American civilization, with all that it has of hope and promise for the world, will enhance to you as scholars the importance of noting, with that prudence which is the mother of safety, the various dangers which are occupying the minds of thoughtful citizens, as they recognize the fact that while the wealth and power of the government have increased, there has increased also the temptation to wrest the government to partisan ends, and by treating offices of trust as the spoils of party, to degrade our politics and pervert our government, national, state and municipal, into a scheme of intrigue and of plunder.

Our scholars see that in this western land, unclogged by the rubbish of the past, and with a new basis of equal freedom and Christian civilization, human nature remains unchanged; and that forces as subtle and unscrupulous as ever assailed the empires of Europe threaten to-day the institutions of America.

Our citizens hear again the beseeching entreaties of Washington to beware of foreign influence; they hear the voice of Congress in the last century, when, legislating for our mighty West, it declared that "religion, morality and knowledge are necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind"—they are reminded of the fundamental principle, that with all freedom of religion that is consistent with public morality and the safety of the commonwealth there shall be a complete and eternal separation of church and state, with no stirring up of religious strife by sectarian

grants, sectarian legislation, or sectarian meddling with our politics or our public schools.

When such teachings of the Fathers are disregarded, as they now are, the injunction given to the dictators of Rome applies with more sacred force to this Fraternity and its sister associations of the scholars of America that they see to it that no harm comes to the Republic.

The injunction comes to us with more weight than to the Romans, for Rome might sink, as she did, under luxury, patronage and corruption, and the world still advance in Christian civilization; but should the American Republic fall, undermined by partisan corruption and foreign influence, what hope would remain to the nations of the world of the permanent establishment of American principles?

By what fitter tribute to the founders of our Brotherhood can we mark this fiftieth anniversary than by a resolve that in every well-directed effort for the reform of our civil service and for the maintenance in their purity of American principles and American institutions the country may rely upon the earnest and scholarly assistance of the Fraternity of the Alpha Delta Phi?

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN LITERATURE.

BY THE HON. DONALD G. MITCHELL, LL.D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Fraternity:—

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, at the order of this Society, I spoke before your convention of the literary growth of the previous quarter of a century; and now, when I ought, by the privilege of age, to be a listener and not a talker, I am called on to add twenty-five years more to that tale of letters, and to compass the whole story within a quarter of an hour.

I cannot do it; I cannot put the vintage of half a century into a quart flagon—no man can.

I can only give such a glimpse as you and I and all of us might have, if we were whirled at railway speed through the pleasant interval of letters that stretches from 1832, or thereabouts, to our date to-night, looking out with swift glances upon a few salient objects, and at the end of this whirl of vision having only a vague sense (perhaps sufficient for such a time of jubilee) of the drift and trend of the interval we have hurtled over.

I seem to see, far away, about the time your Association was founded—in the wilds of central New

York — bright young fellows, by the light of whale-oil lamps and on hard-bottomed benches, (aye, young gentlemen, forty years ago we had no such easy-chairs as fall to your lot to-day!), — I say, I seem to see such bright young fellows regaling themselves with the dandyism of Bulwer's "Pelham," and wondering overmuch at the versatility of parts which could achieve a history of Athens and set Rienzi upon his legs amidst the turmoil of decaying Rome, and put color and pulse and passion into the dry bones of Richelieu. And yet the dandyism of Bulwer is forgettable, when we think what exemplar he was all through his life of that system and industry which alone make work *tell*. I recall, too, how collegians of that date looked out longingly through recitation-room windows to catch a glimpse of the two horsemen of Mr. G. P. R. James, as they rose above our literary horizon — steadily as the tides.

Byron was dead, but had left a fiery trail, whereat we of New England birth and breeding looked in a maze of wonder and dread. Scott was mourned for differently; we gathered with all the world in company to throw flowers upon his fresh grave at Dryboro.

We thought it wise to read Wordsworth, then at the pinnacle of his fame; so it was wise, so it is wise, — wiser maybe than it is winning. Christopher North we young fellows swore by in that day. There was a breeziness and a vigor in him and a broad-shouldered, devil-may-care audacity that extorted our bravos; alas, all gone now, and, aside from a few witty lunges of the "Noctes

Ambrosianæ," nothing seems left but a far-away, tinkling clamor of echoing vocables amongst the Highland lochs!

Chiefest of critics about those times was Jeffrey; Gifford and Lockhart and Southey coming hard after. But what a king we counted Jeffrey, who, in his "Edinburgh Review," by a half-score of pages, had made and unmade the reputation of poets, historians and metaphysicians! so apt, so witty, so ready, so knowing in all the literary appetites of men and women, with not a compeer in the wide world, except it might be our college professor of English literature. To think now, that such a pretty bandbox of a man could put to the shiver such another as Thomas Carlyle! We have no such king of criticism now; we have outlived that monarchism. Our kings are in high schools and on college benches. The critical instinct, under much and wide schooling, has shot up into a vagrancy that possesses us all. Here and there some heroic expert puts on the old lion-like ways, and growls fiercely, and snarls to the life; but if we look hard enough, we shall see the jackal shanks sticking out under the lion's skin.

I named Carlyle. He, too, grew quickly into a deity of our young heaven, when he painted his brother poet, Burns, walking "in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain-side." It was only a few years before the beginnings of this Society when he blazed out in the Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews. I remember well the prim green covers of the first Boston edition of his "Miscellany," bringing rich meat to our hard college commons.

And for fifty years on he kept ringing out his fierce challenge to shams and untruths, — warring on tradition, yet loving defiantly the tradition of old-fashioned kingship. Sneering at orthodoxies, and carrying a theologic backbone as stiff as Calvin's. Hirsute, rough, uncombed, grim as the wastes of his own moorland by Dumfries, but withal having a savage, uncourteous honesty in him which is so much better than a courteous dishonesty. They tell us he was not a model husband! Well, who among us are? Indeed, there was not much place in him for tenderness, only that sweetest tenderness with which he followed to the last with messages of love and affection that old Scotch mother of his who milked the cows in the byre of Scots-Brig.

Who shall say that these last fifty years are not overmuch the richer for this life? Under all his convolutions of speech that weary us, and his petulancies that tease us, and his roughness that maddens us, there is a fire slumbering which does not go down.

This great galleon on the sea of literature has left a broad, boiling wake behind him, and all the traffickers in critical lore, and all the orthodox trimmers traversing his path, as they will, — for pleasure or for pains, — can never wipe out the glow of its phosphorescence.

I cannot forget in this kaleidoscopic show of ours that as early as 1833, Tennyson first gathered a budget of his young poems, which caught the sneers

of the New Timon, and which, with rare exceptions, had no quality beyond the millinery of literature. But through these fifty years past, how bravely and steadily, grade by grade,—illustrating in his own career the literary progress of the times,—has he wrought on to that fulness of power by which he has wrested the old Arthurian legends from the lax hand of Geoffrey and Map and Wace and Layamon, and brought the old British worthies to life once more amongst the green meadows of Camelot. Camelot was hard by Glastonbury, and that recalls the richest days of the old Church in England, toward whose traditions John Henry Newman had eyes reverently turned, when, with the devout Keble and the elder Froude, he joined in those Oxford “Tracts for the Times,” which, a little less than fifty years ago, kindled an ecclesiastic war in England, and buzzed about our ears in the colleges. What came of it we cannot stay to tell; but the name of Cardinal Newman is one that this age will not easily let die,—so pure a heart, so keen a mind; master of that best rhetoric which shows thought through it as we see faces through glass; monastic in his severities, most tender of conscience, shivering for years in the winds of doctrine, and riding up at last into the harbor of that ancient transalpine church, where so many fine old hulks lie moored, waiting, waiting for the rise of some new mediæval tide. There, too, at Oxford we encounter

the apostle of so many new dogmas in art, whose "Lamps of Architecture" first showed their splendors some forty years ago. Earnest, indefatigable, headstrong, he, too, blown about, in these latter years, by strong gusts of doubt; always eloquent, tangled somewhiles in the meshes of his own tropical rhetoric; petulant, rash; but what if, in the reckless speech of his "Clavigera," he would tear up railways and burn New York? What if doubtful prophets come in his name, whose food is sunflowers and Wilde honey? Let us have patience, young gentlemen; let us have patience. Let us remember that back of all Ruskin's teachings, and for a testimony which can never be shaken, stand the beauty of the flowers and of the clouds and of the everlasting hills.

There are other typical Englishmen I should like to speak of: Freeman and Green putting new faces on old English history, Matthew Arnold widening the outlook of intelligent criticism, and scientists, — chiefest among them that old man who has just passed away in his quiet Kentish home, — putting such quality in their reports of discoveries as gives literary charm, frightening the timid maybe by the new cross-lights which seem to flame athwart the heavenly order, but which, as the eye becomes used to them, lose their defiant glare and blend, like Galileo's heresies of old, in that great trail of light and law which testify to the infinite Power that shaped the beginnings of things, and which will surely shape their ends, "rough hew them how we will."

And what now of our side of the water; has there been gain since the days when dear old Mr. Irving was furbishing up his stories of Granada and the Alhambra, and Cooper putting his Leather Stocking on his last tramp through the wilderness? All of the deeps of Hawthorne lie between, and since, in the field of fiction, such wide blossoming of persistent and of half-hardy flowers that I cannot name them. I note only a prevailing tendency, as in other art, to lavish skill upon technique and minute touches that give *vraisemblance*, so deftly done, that the record beguiles, enchants and makes us forget we want the story, which we hardly find. How proud we oldish people were, in college days, of the flowing smoothness and dainty scholarship which went to the making of Prescott's histories; and how much prouder of the more masculine handling and larger range which Motley gave to his studies of the Netherlands. Here, too, within three days last past, our octogenarian friend, the historian of the United States, has crowned his labors with a story of the Federal Constitution, putting to it, though years hang heavy on him, all his old conscience and vigor. Nor can I forbear to mention in this presence that old poet, whose Homeric head came so often to the front in New York assemblages, who wrote of Ulysses as Homer might have written if he had lived at Boston and edited the "Post," and who so filled these last fifty years with zeal and good works as to be an exemplar to every ambitious young American. By the same token, we may well join to-night in fling-

ing our tributary flowers upon the grave of that other poet, whose "Voices of the Night" first streamed like a meteor across our literary firmament in the days when we older people of the platform were wearing our badges with Greek initials. He loved traditions perhaps overmuch, but he spangled them with gold of his own coinage; and he so wrought through half a century, with such balance of literary judgment, such exactitude of scholarship, such delicate ear for rhythm, such guilelessness of purpose, such reverence for all sacred and all beautiful things, as to make of his career one long, melodious "Psalm of Life."

And then that other, whose grave is even fresher there in Concord, he a poet too, not leaning on rhythm, but making rhythm bend to his thought; called a philosopher, but last in all the world to call himself so; called an idealist, yet loving more than most men homespun words and homespun ways. Gentlest of men, yet chafing like a lion if harnessed to creeds. Full of learning that only showed by leakings he could not help. Stalwart as a knight of old where wrong confronted him; in all else as yielding as a woman. Emerson hated imposture much as ever Carlyle, but, unlike the Scotchman, he was wary and conciliatory. He could twinkle his eye winningly as Carlyle never would or could; he was sagacious, placable, kindly, and withal saying things in a short, dense way that compels a halt and a wrestle with them, if not acceptance; and if acceptance, then a vital acceptance that henceforth colors life and character.

Many another amongst the living whom we love and honor I would like to name, but I forbear, and in conclusion note only one or two aspects of our present literary outlook.

First, the vast increase of intelligent readers which has given great quickening to literary work. There can be no good talk *except* there be good listeners. These carry higher and higher the *plane* of literary accomplishment, not indeed gauging the volcanic *peaks* genius will throw up through the crusted level of average work, but making and keeping this average level better and worthier. Compare our journalism to-day with that of fifty years ago, and you will see my meaning. There is reach and grace and pliancy and force where there was stolid statement only and narrow captiousness. Again, there is everywhere a cosmopolitan largeness belonging to all literary endeavor. Unyielding creeds do not cramp utterance; conflicting beliefs march good-naturedly side by side. Divers colors of thought blend with æsthetic harmonies. Between the same covers lie fellow essays in easy companionship, yet of such monstrous antagonism as fifty years ago would have exploded and set the paper on fire. Honest opinions of whatever sort do not now need the nursing and coddling of sectaries, — they stand for what they are worth; if they do not stand, they lie. You may be sure of a pulpit and a hearing if you have somewhat to say, and if you have nothing to say, you can get a hearing for once. When I note the wonderful accession to the supply of young people's wants, — such

school-books, such engravings, such journals, such helps at every hand, such tender companionship in colleges,—oh, if we had possessed such in our callow days!

But let us not repine.

Then there is the copyright question, international and other, taking what seems shape of faint promise, as if at last, at last, the world were waking up to the notion that it is as bad a thing to rob an author as it is to rob a grocer!

Young gentlemen, there is a fair and a most promising field before you. Who can doubt that this Fraternity, with its embranchments in so many colleges, will furnish a large quota of those who will be responsible for the reach literature shall make in the twenty-five or fifty years to come? Some happier talker at some happier centennial of the future will, maybe, have some of your names to broider upon his legend of the great workers. Let the hope of this and the belief of this tingle in your blood to-night! Let it keep you wakeful to all honorable duties. Let it make you bold and honest and painstaking. Let it nerve you to shun affectations, to hate shams, to love truth, to cherish simplicities, and then, whatever may betide, you will walk with a freer and a more elastic step on the march towards the gates where we must all go in.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

BY MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, PH.D.

Ladies and Gentlemen: —

Too great a reverence for the past is not the danger of our time. A hundred years ago, thoughtful men challenged one another to break the fetters of precedent, — to dare to think for themselves. And such appeals were needed a hundred years ago. But when the dominant characteristic of our time and our land shall be written against our page in history, whatever else may be said of us, we shall hardly be charged with self-distrust and undue deference to the opinions of our predecessors.

Among our chance travelling companions in Egypt was a fellow-countryman of ours, emphatically a believer in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. We stood on the arid sand, in that welcome shadow which the never-clouded sun of Egypt for thousands of years has swung, dial-like, about the base of the great pyramid. Under the spell of the work of those old kings who "did their days in stone," awe and silence had fallen upon us. Nowhere else has man's inborn hunger to

perpetuate his memory come so near to success by material means. The fleeting years and busy centuries seem fossilized in these huge mountains of stone. The very air breathes with suggestions of mystery and forgotten lore, and voices of the vanished races of world-subduers, and murmurs from the cradle-lands and early days of our race. With bated breath some one had just repeated the old Arab proverb, "All things fear Time; but Time fears the pyramids!" Our pragmatic, nineteenth-century man broke the silence that followed by exclaiming, "That's well enough, as Arab poetry; but as a matter of fact, I suppose every one admits that if it paid, our American engineers could easily enough build pyramids larger than these, that would stand as long." No one contradicted him; but it was suggested that we should have to wait at least three thousand years before we could be sure enough to boast about it.

There is a certain reverence due to accomplished facts! The prophetic thrill of conscious power to do is a fine emotion. But the assertion that one *can* or *will* do is *one* thing. Quite another and a rarer thing is the deed triumphantly done, standing its own grand witness through the applauding years. The bold affirmation, "*We can*," has not always been followed by the calm verdict of the historian, "They did." Past potential tenses are at a discount in the world's history. "They might, could, would, or should have done the deed," that is not the point. *Did* they do it? Antiquarians of the year of our Lord 5000 may not find the data on

which to base ideas of our American architects as sanguine as those of our unabashed and unimpressible friend at the pyramid.

Enthusiasm for the present is wise and safe only when based on a just appreciation of the past. When we would measure progress, we must clearly apprehend the position and the bearings of the point from which we reckon. In some way we must get outside the hurrying train for our standards, if we would measure our own velocity. The subject assigned us to-night, "Fifty Years of Progress in Collegiate Education," is insinuatingly self-affirming. But in the attempt to estimate the value of to-day's college training, we of to-day are not the ideally unbiassed, disinterested judges whose opinion is final. All about us is the refracting atmosphere of hope and self-confidence, which makes desirable results seem nearer than they actually are. We measure far on into the ever-flattering future, when we try to tell what the college education of to-day is to do for our young men; while that of fifty years ago has already proved itself in ripened fruit, in finished work, in rounded and useful lives.

Not in a rashly critical or complacently self-satisfied spirit, then, will we compare the college education of to-day with that of fifty years ago. There is a presumption in favor of that which has succeeded. The supreme test must always be "What results?" As it makes, or fails to make, men of character and usefulness, college training succeeds or fails. It must be tested

always by its effectiveness in shaping character and giving trend and impulse to the life. "These men, trained by your new methods, what have they been, what have they done, to make the world better and wiser?" This is the question we must answer to our successors fifty years from now.

For college training is a means to an end. And in what we now say of the American college, we intend that distinctively American institution, the training-college, as it has been developed by the needs of our land and our time. We purposely avoid, at this time, all discussion of that child of the future, the American university, with its system of elective studies, which ought to follow and not displace that training in the liberal arts of which we now speak. College training, I say, is a means to an end. Certain objects, certain processes, are valuable for what they are in and of themselves, — for what they give us in the act of use. Such are advanced scientific studies and discoveries and the productions of literature and art. The question of progress here can be decided by the yearly product. As we listen to other speakers to-night, we rejoice at the abounding evidence of progress along these lines.

Certain other processes, however pleasant in themselves, have their chief value as a means to an end. This is the true relation of college education. The delight of pursuing truth is keen. Great are the joys the student in his study knows. True it is that the increase of knowledge may be styled in one sense an end in itself.

We do not forget that it is every man's duty, owed to his own God-given powers of mind, to know all that he can know without ceasing to use his knowledge. We utterly disclaim that utilitarian view which measures the entire value of an education in dollars and cents. But we do hold that there cannot be true progress in education without such results in good done to the time and the people who support it, as shall be evident to all thoughtful minds.

Not by what immediately appears, then, but by the end in view and the results obtained must we pronounce judgment on the college education of a year or a decade. If that end be the training of men who shall help to form a healthier state and a higher standard of public morals; the production of a stronger and finer literature; fresh discoveries in natural science, with new and more useful applications of its known forces and laws; and such political action as shall apply the humanities to the daily life of the greatest number, and best secure justice and happiness for all, — if these are proper ends to be aimed at in college education, we may affirm that the speakers who recount here to-night the progress the last half-century has seen in these respects illustrate and prove the progress made in college education.

But we may notice more definitely certain points of progress.

Now there is a recognized science of education unknown fifty years ago. It has a great, a constantly increasing, literature. Granted that the great teacher,

like the true poet, is born and not made, it is still true that when the finest poems and the art of poetry receive close study and loving attention, there will be, on the whole, a gain for poetic literature, although no study and no rules can ever make good the lack of the divine afflatus. Great reforms in primary education have had a very appreciable influence upon the methods and the spirit of college education. Among college instructors are to be found an ever-increasing number of men who, not by accident, and not after failing in other professions, but of deliberate and hearty preference, have chosen instruction as their life-work. These men study the laws and methods of education with professional zest and intelligence. Among college professors, too, are many men who are thoroughly in sympathy with the best in the spirit of their time, and sincerely patriotic in all their aims; and who, if reproached with lack of patriotism or public spirit because they neither run for public office themselves nor pack the partisan caucus, are wise enough to answer, as did Sokrates, when questioned as to his apparent lack of interest in active politics at Athens, "I stand near the fountain head when I would turn the river's course."

As a consequence of this, we think there is progress in so proportioning the studies of the college course as to secure that discipline which can come only with time and training in the liberal arts, and yet so to direct the lines of liberal study as to fit the young man for intelligent citizenship.

Most striking is the protest of the German educational authorities, embodied in edicts of the state, against any attempt to eliminate liberal elements from the course through motives of false utility. "We will not allow the study of the humanities," they say, "to be displaced by, or to degenerate into, *Brod-studien*," — "Bread-and-butter studies."

This protest we most sincerely respect. But we do not fear to propose for college culture an ultimate end. The politics of Greece and Rome, their laws, their social customs, their arts, are now taught with a more constant regard to their bearing on the problems of to-day. That history of civilization to which so prominent a place is assigned in the curriculum of our time, was but taking shape in the minds of early authors on the subject fifty years ago. The recent school of historians has learned to call no age and no people "common or unclean," in their study of the history of our race. While the glorious acme and the still more glorious decline of Athens furnish lessons especially full of profit for us, habits of thought and social problems essentially modern; while the growth and the history of the Roman constitution and the civil law must always furnish the best possible foundation for the study of the science of jurisprudence, — all ages contribute to a critical study of the progress of the race. Every people and each age teaches its own lesson.

Nor is this method of comparative study in the light of history by any means confined to this one subject.

Among the evidences and the causes of progress in college education we must place the genesis and the cultivation of a historical and comparative method in language, law and science, as well as in history. Even in pure mathematics, the progress that now follows the comparison and development, in Germany, of results obtained, step by step, through synthesis and analysis, is a fresh illustration of new life awakened by the use of the comparative method. In the realm of language, comparative philology, within these fifty years, has completely revolutionized methods of study. The minute, microscopic scholarship of Porson and his school has given way to a broader scope of investigation. Whether or not a certain elegant precision of diction and delicacy of discrimination in the use of synonyms has disappeared with the old style of scholarship, the new certainly gives, in the hands of men who use it wisely, a comprehension of the relations of one language and one literature to others, and a distinct conception of an author's place in the world of letters, which the old too often missed; and the national customs and beliefs coined, or rather fossilized, in words, in the roots of language are brought to light as never before.

There is progress, too, we think, in a growing tendency to consider the logical basis of every treatise, and its rhetorical merits or faults, and the literary style of each classic author.

The study of literature, ancient or modern, is treated more as a direct means toward forming habits of clear

thought and correct expression. Nor is it too much to claim for our own age, that, while graceful periphrase and stately antithesis have gone out of date, and the distinct conception of style, as an end in itself, is not so prominent as it was when Hume and Gibbon wrote their matchless periods, "looking over their own shoulders," charmed with the rustle of their gilded and brocaded trains as they strode before the eyes of their imaginary readers; while all this has disappeared, it is probably true that never before in any race or land could so many people write correctly, pointedly and clearly their mother-tongue as to-day write English in these United States. College education has led the way in this. It has trained the teachers. And the remarkable impulse given to the study in our colleges of the sources, the formation and the development of our noble mother-tongue may be noted as one cause of the progress of the last fifty years in education.

The wonderful development of the natural sciences during these years, should always be regarded as a part of the history of the American college. Our Christian colleges have always fostered scientific research and welcomed scientific discoveries.

Of late years, how wondrously has science leaped to the front! How glorious her flashing revelations of new powers and new comforts at the disposal of mankind! How sweeping the generalizations in her domain! Nature no longer waits to be put to the torture, dumb, grimly guarding, with miser's greed, forbidden treasure-

houses of knowledge. But, like a mother whose lost child had heard only a strange language, but brought again under a mother's smile begins to comprehend the mother-tongue, nature pours out her wealth of mother-wisdom on the men of our time, her favored sons. She offers us fresh facts and new laws faster than we can comprehend their true relations; and the only danger seems to be that which attends all lavish giving, — that the real Giver, the Author and Source of all, will be forgotten by children busy in enjoying or quarrelling over the names and ownership of the gifts.

If we were to look at material proofs of advancement and prosperity in our colleges, it would be easy to make an exhibit in dollars and cents, in acres of land and cubic feet of masonry, which should flatter the present and leave but a sorry showing for the college work of fifty years ago. Our Peabodys, our Cornells, our Sheffields, our Johns Hopkins, our Slaters, give us fortunes for educational purposes now. The accumulation of such vast private fortunes as the last fifty years have seen have not been unaccompanied by murmurs that breed social discontent among the ignorant, and threaten danger. And no sign of our time gives more promise that these social dangers may be happily averted than does the disposition on the part of one and another of our most wealthy citizens to give to educational purposes large portions of the great wealth they have won, and to give it while they still live and can enjoy and control the application of the gift. The men who thus use their riches constitute a

true nobility of wealth. Their names are emblazoned on the heraldic rolls of this noble order as those who have felt the power of the fine legend, "*Noblesse oblige*" — who have seen that wealth lays on them obligations; not the obligation to transmit it to their children, as the curse which inherited wealth so generally proves to be with us in America, but obligations to use their wealth for the welfare of their land and their time, to lighten the awful load of ignorance, to train earnest youth in that high knowledge which gives one "the tongue of the learned, to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

The benefactions of such men have contributed much to the progress of college education. Palaces have risen for college use. Broad, amply shaded parks surround lordly halls such as honor the service of learning. Well-filled libraries abound. Vast illustrative cabinets are gathered. Costly, carefully wrought apparatus puts into daintiest forms the finest imaginings, and tests alike the boldest and the most fanciful dreams of that true man of science on whose fertile and trained imagination all progress in science depends. Vast telescopes point their huge tubes to those black caverns in the midnight skies where, until now, even the astronomer's far-reaching fancy has gone wildering through immeasurable voids of space, drowned in the flood of immensity, and lo, created order smiles back upon us even here, in starry glances hitherto unseen! Straightway even these tokens from the sons of the morning, who stand sentry on creation's uttermost verge, are questioned by prism and spectrum,

until the observer tells us with what celestial fuel these heavenly fires are fed! All the implements and appliances of education have been multiplied many fold.

But can we measure progress in education by these alone? We do not undervalue their aid. We could not dispense with them. But wisdom cries aloud, "I am not in these!" The chemist's subtlest analysis cannot tell us what is that mysterious re-agent which brings into activity in the human mind the hungering affinity for classified knowledge, which awakens the minds of the young to a consciousness of their own powers, and leads young men to "scorn delights and live laborious days."

Bowdoin had no lordly palaces upon its modest campus when Hawthorne and Longfellow there drank at the celestial fount. Harvard ranked as a training-college, and had no cabinets of science when she trained Emerson and Holmes and Lowell, the trio, who, among all her gifted sons, are her triple crown of glory. The campus of Amherst was even barer than it now is, since that deplorable fire has swept from it the wealth of Walker Hall, when at Amherst was trained the matchless orator, Richard S. Storrs.

The "Reveries of a Bachelor," read and enjoyed the world over, though later dreamed, were dreamed in the old-fashioned dormitories of Yale. Presidents Woolsey and Porter, Martin B. Anderson and Mark Hopkins, were trained for their noble career in colleges without these rich appliances of our later day. And not from a richly endowed college came the Alpha Delt whose name

we love to honor, his pen faultless in its instinct for the strong and graceful phrase, and voice and pen advocating, with a strength and beauty quite his own, the love of letters, and reform in our civil service, the blameless champion of the coming question for our Republic, George William Curtis!

Success and progress in college education, then, cannot be measured by material standards. It is not a question of apparatus, not even a question of the number of facts implanted in the mind, but a question of powers awakened and developed, of discipline imparted, and abiding impulse given. Have the young men who leave our colleges heard the still, small voice which speaks in the silences of solitude, and must be answered each for himself by every loyal servant of truth, as he says, "I feel the thrill from the world's great minds in the republic of letters and science. I have seen something of what they saw. I have learned to work. I am ready to bow my neck lovingly to such yoke as he must always wear who serves well his fellow-men. I take my place to work intelligently and hopefully, but with patient perseverance, for the welfare of mankind"?

"So near is grandeur to our dust,
So close is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can!'"

It is the hope that many, and not a few only, have learned to utter reverently this response, that lends interest to our college commencements, and to gatherings

such as this, which brings together here the representatives of a score of colleges.

The consciousness that material appliances alone cannot secure this answer should keep us modest amid our affluence of gifts. What thought, what purpose, dominates an institution? What men embody and enforce these ideas in its teaching-corps? This will determine the progress made in any college. Buildings and grounds and cabinets and even books may utterly fail; but right, honest thought, enforced by earnest, manly, scholarly men — this never fails to make a college a power!

Does our college education train the intellect to clear, steady work, subject to the will? Does it train the desires and their master, the will, to subject themselves to the government of the conscience? Does it subordinate body and intellect to moral law and order? The higher education has not always done this. In place of the fermenting despair of nihilism, the reckless immoralities of atheism, and the blank suicidal negations of agnosticism which have cursed liberally educated Europe and threaten us, if we are to have here in America something strong, binding and beneficent in our social system as the result of our collegiate education, it must be, it *can* be, only by retaining clearly in that system faith in God, and by making prominent as the highest aim of life the service of God in serving the best interests of our fellow-men.

Such aims and such words do not seem to me discordant, at this time, when we meet to honor our well-

loved college Fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. Our secrecy is not that of those who love darkness. Our aims, although not stated in public, are evident to all. A thin veil of secrecy, it is true, we throw over our proceedings; but there is in them no service which cannot be best performed by him who has put on the whole armor of light. It has seemed to me that in such a pure, well-managed college Society as ours should always be, there is found an antidote to some of the subtlest, most destructive poisons that are infused into the draughts ambition offers to the emulous college student. It has been said that "all the ways of culture and refinement lead to solitary imprisonment." To correct this isolating tendency of a self-centred college course, such a Society offers the choicest intellectual sympathy and companionship. It calls on a man to do his best for others and with others, and teaches him the wealth gained through spending one's self unselfishly for the common good.

I think that every man whose heart has ever beat responsive to the high aims of Alpha Delta Phi must all his life be conscious that memories of her lie deep in the subsoil of his being, where strike down the roots of faith and love and duty. The thought of her will often surprise him in scenes of beauty or sublimity, when a conscious mental elevation recalls the first inspiring outlook of his youth, when all the riches of the past and all the possibilities of the future seemed spread before the eagle eye of hope, and all heights seemed accessible to her eagle pinion!

Nor have I often known a more striking instance of this than the one which befell me, on that same day to which I have already alluded, when first we felt the power of the world's vastest monument — the great pyramid. We had climbed to its summit. Below us was spread a landscape which typifies and suggests life and death, the dead past and the living present, as does no other in the world. All around you and stretching away to the north and south, gray and yellow wastes of sand, marked thickly with ruined tombs and crumbling lesser pyramids. To the west, great pitiless hills of drifting sand shut in the prospect, and to the north, still sands and tombs and desolation. But eastward, the beneficent Nile, bordered with greenness; pleasant groves, rich waving fields of wheat and barley, and stately palm-trees; and beyond the sparkling river, against a background of gray cliffs, gleams Cairo, with its graceful domes and slender icicle minarets of snowy alabaster. As we looked down on this striking contrast of life and death, and remembered how, as the centuries had passed, Hyksos and Ethiopians and Persians and Greeks and Romans and Turks and the dramatic legions of Napoleon the Great had been whirled across this field of vision by gusts of hot-breathing ambition, the calmly smiling Sphinx below us seemed to say, "We have seen it all! Vanity of vanities! It fadeth, man's power and glory, like the grass; it perisheth like the withering leaf!"

My only companion in the silence of this peopled

solitude was a learned clergyman, in his early days the author of our Greek Fraternity song "*Xaire, Α Δ Φ.*" Not a word of college days had passed between us for weeks. But now, after a long silence, in which the grandeur of the scene had deeply stirred us, I turned to him as he sat at a little distance from me, and said, "I don't know what you'll think of me for it; but here on the rocky summit of the great pyramid I have just carved the star and crescent!" With a quick look of surprise, his answer was, "How strange a coincidence! I have just cut the letters Alpha Delta Phi."

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

[From a partial newspaper report.]

I THINK that my loyalty to our Fraternity was never before put to so severe a test as when I was invited to speak to you this evening on the later achievements of science. Some prejudiced Englishman has said about Americans that whatever they do in politics, religion, or science, they want to do it in twenty minutes; so I come to you representing that typical American by trying to say all that can be said about science in twenty minutes, rather to show my fidelity than with the hope of giving you any real light on so vast a subject. Speaking, then, as an outsider, and with no attempt at rhetorical display, I wish to choose out of the materials before me one single theme,—the progress of science in our own country, which has made the last fifty years memorable. Of course, it was to be expected that scientific progress would be late in the order of development. As a new nation, we had to do and to learn many things before we came to its portals. The principles of political life, of education in its broadest significance, and the whole

world of history and experimental philosophy, had to be mastered. But after our material comforts were secured, after our political questions were settled, after popular education ceased to be a hope and blossomed forth into a reality, after the first feeble steps in literature had been essayed, after the manifold problems of a new land had been settled, then the day for the cultivation of science came—her grand opportunity arrived.

It has been doubted by some if the English or American mind is especially apt for the consideration of those higher departments of learning which are followed by men for the mere sake of knowing. I remember that in the essays of Professor Newcomb it is suggested that the English and American mind is fruitful in quick observations and instructive deductions, but not so quick in those abstract generalizations which are the pride and the glory of the French and German mind. However that may be, for fifty years we were so occupied with other things that there was little opportunity for scientific progress. Yet even in our earlier history we can point to a Franklin whose achievements are known and honored in two continents, and to a Rittenhouse, who fitly followed him in the glorious path of experimental knowledge,—a man at once rare and eminent as a scientific genius, and distinguished for noblest traits. Our country in its earlier days also produced Benjamin Thompson,—better and more

widely known as the Count Rumford, — to the manifoldness of whose genius Bavaria owes so much; to whom Munich owes the beautiful park which many of you, I doubt not, have seen; who was the true founder, as I believe, of the Royal Society in London; who was the first to suggest to the world the theory of the correlation of forces; and who, though exiled from the country of his birth by political and personal jealousy, was yet great enough and magnanimous enough to endow a chair in Harvard University whose usefulness goes on to this day. But yet we must acknowledge that the great names are few; our scientific literature of that day was lunar, not solar. It was content to shine with borrowed light; it was merely a pallid reflection of European thought and study.

But the dawn of the new era soon began to appear. The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, founded in 1826, was the first visible embodiment of this idea. Professor Silliman, in 1830, published the first scientific text-book, which occasioned acute suffering to many of us in those days. In 1829, the first volume of Audubon's great book came out. In 1831, Professor Henry discovered that the electro-magnet could be used to telegraph, and actually established a circuit of a mile, which worked successfully. One year after, Professor Morse made his great discovery of writing by means of electricity. In the domain of medico-chemical science, chloroform was discovered in 1831.

And even in those early days, before the modern astronomical appliances were invented, Americans were noted for their quickness and accuracy of observation. So it is in history, geology, and the rest. The Coast Survey was organized in 1832; the geological investigations of Massachusetts were begun in 1832, and those of New York four years later. You must remember that in those days science was sniffed at as a newfangled thing. It was a good old New England minister, whom I once knew, who declared that fossils were created by God in the rocks to confound the puny wisdom of the men of this age. In the college where I was educated there was a society whose motto was the letters N. L. D., representing, I understood, the words *Natura Liber Dei*; but some very irreverently translated them to mean "Numskulls Love Distinction."

In those days science was a baby in swaddling-clothes. Since then it has taken a vast impulse, and has given back that impulse, widely and powerfully, to every corner of the earth. Agassiz, who came to our shores in 1846 with a European reputation, added to that reputation by many long years of brilliant service in the cause of science. Many others among the living might be named. From all these came the impulse to learn facts by observation, which dominates the world to-day. Many important discoveries have crowned the labors of American students of science,—the eighth satellite of Saturn,

the third ring of Saturn, the companion star of Sirius, many comets, and fully one-third, I believe, of the asteroids. Mr. Rutherford and Dr. Henry Draper have given us planetary charts of the greatest excellence and utility, and also charts of the lines in the spectra. In botany, Prof. Asa Gray and Dr. Torrey have reduced classification to a science. Professor Dana has made eminent advance in mineralogy and in palæontology. Professor Marsh has literally lassoed the horse of the Eocene period, and has shown him to us with the toes of his hoof. In medical science, the great discovery of the century—the use of ether in producing anæsthesia—was made in America. American surgery has been glorified by the labors of many men whose reputation has become world-wide. A majority of the standard text-books in this science are written by American authors.

The same thing appears in the department of the applied sciences. Rubber, which, fifty years ago, was used for nothing but erasing, is to-day employed to make almost everything—except buckwheat cakes. So of photography; so of the telegraph, which has bound the world together and narrowed the globe. Verily, we may repeat to-night the first telegraphic message, “What hath God wrought!”

This progress, to which the past bears witness, is prophetic of the future. The facts of science are eternal, unassailable, imperishable. Scientific truth is a gorgeous, many-colored mosaic in stone, the prismatic

colors of which will last forever, when the colors of theory shall become dim and lustreless. The education that demands as its basis the experimental knowledge of science is a fixed fact with us, and, though this will never supersede other departments of human thought and endeavor, it will always stand in the future as the foundation out of which they all grow, and by which they exist.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM.

BY THE HON. ANTHONY Q. KEASBEY.

PROGRESS is the note of this occasion. Onward is the watchword of the night. Advance the serried hosts of American literature, education, science, politics and morals is the word of command.

When I recall the upper room beneath the elms of old Yale, where, in its second decade, I received the revelation of the mysteries, and gained the coveted glories, of Alpha Delta Phi, and then survey this scene,—the expression of her growth in her first half-century,—I am filled with the joy of attainment, the enthusiasm of progress; and I feel almost inspired to fulfil the impossible task assigned to me,—to recount the progress of the political system of fifty millions of people for fifty years in twenty minutes, four minutes to a decade.

But then I remember that, great as has been our advance in material things, one machine,—the human mind,—one piece of complicated mechanism,—the instrument of human speech,—has not much improved since the days of Demosthenes; and though we may whisper across the continents and under the seas, no one man can compress fifty years of history into a sentence, or take a census in an hour.

What I say, then, must be the merest generalities, which do not glitter; and I cannot touch in any detail the growth and development of that complex organism, the political system of the American Republic in the last half of its existence.

I must not make our words of congratulation a catalogue of events, nor can I mar the joy of achievement in one half-century by forebodings of possible disaster in the next.

The definition of politics given in Bailey's old Dictionary is, "the art of governing a state or commonwealth for the maintenance of the public safety, order, tranquillity and good morals;" and our political system is the vast and complicated machinery by which we strive to accomplish these great purposes for the United States of America.

That it exists at all to-day, with all its parts and functions in full play, — from the constable to the President, from the town-meeting to the Senate chamber, from the justice of the peace to the Supreme Court at Washington, — governing fifty millions as it governed fifteen in 1832, is the proof of its progress and the test of its successful development.

"All human society is grounded upon certain fundamental opinions," and according to the nature of those opinions must be the progress of every political system. No such system can stand utterly still. It must make progress, though it be towards dissolution. There is the rake's progress, as well as the perseverance of the saints.

But no system framed to govern three millions of people, covering three hundred thousand square miles, can adapt itself to the needs of fifty millions over a continent of four millions of square miles, without proving itself to be based upon stable foundations, and grounded upon such fundamental opinions as tend to an enduring national life.

Emerson says, "Society is fluid; it does not stand in rigid repose with certain men, names and institutions, rooted like the oak-trees, around which all interests arrange themselves as best they can."

This is true of all tribes and conditions of men. In three-quarters of the human race, the fluid mass of humanity lies placid, and sometimes stagnant, for ages. With some it moves in an even flow for generations. But here, on this new continent in this atmosphere of popular liberty, it is a living, rushing stream, swelling, as it rolls, to a mighty volume, and gathering its tributaries from all the sources of the race. It may plunge over the rocks, but it turns the mills of labor when it has fallen and hurries on; it may press through the gorges, but it bears the wealth of nations as it rolls through the plains; it may burst its barriers and spread terror with its inundations, but like the vast volume of the Mississippi, sweeping over the plantations, it carries in its flood the material of recuperation, and leaves fertility in the path of destruction.

The system which, for such a mass of human life,

in such impetuous movement, has sufficed to maintain "the public safety, order, tranquillity and good morals," through foreign and civil war, and notwithstanding the enormous flood of alien elements, must assuredly have made progress; and we may, at least to-night, persuade ourselves that it is not towards dissolution, but upward to a higher plane of national existence.

When our three mysterious Greek letters were combined at Hamilton fifty years ago, this system seemed indeed to be approaching an inglorious end. When Alpha Delta was six months old, one member of the system—one of the old thirteen—had solemnly declared a national law duly passed to be null and void and no law, and announced that it should be resisted at every hazard, defying the National Government to apply force to reduce the State to obedience.

The lists were then set, and the combatants girded themselves for the great battle, which ended only thirty-three years later at Appomattox.

Calhoun, in the Senate, offered this resolution, declaring his view of our system: "That the assertion that the people of the United States, taken collectively, as individuals, are now, or ever have been, united on the principle of the social compact, and, as such, are now formed into one nation or people . . . is without foundation in truth, and contrary to historical facts and the clearest deductions of rea-

son." And Webster laid down his definition thus: "The Constitution is not a league, confederacy, or compact between the people of the several States in their sovereign capacities, but a government proper, founded on the adoption of the people, and creating direct relations between itself and individuals; and any attempt to nullify a law is usurpation and essentially revolutionary."

These utterances from the two champions were the declarations of war. Jackson, at the Jefferson dinner, gave the toast, "The Federal Union: it must be preserved;" and Calhoun, at the same table, returned his defiance: "Liberty dearer than the Union." This was the signal for the conflict. It was the war between freedom and slavery yet in disguise. It was an early stage of "the irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces."

The actual shock was deferred by shifts and compromises. A foreign war intervened and distracted the combatants; but it brought new incentives to contention with the vast accession of territory for which freedom and slavery were to struggle as for a prize. Slavery, eagerly seeking expansion, pressed towards the Pacific, but dragging her chains, fettered at the starting-place; while freedom, exuberant with her inherent forces, leaped over the mountains and seized the golden prize of California, and returned to hold firmly in her grasp the homes of future millions in Kansas and Nebraska.

A day of feeble compromises passed, and then for four years our system was subjected to the extreme test of revolution, and passed through the ordeal of battle.

The philosophic observers who viewed from abroad this wild torrent of human life raging as a republic, declared that the end of our political system had come — that we were shooting Niagara — that the smoky chimney of republicanism was burning itself out.

But we did not shoot Niagara, and the fatal element of slavery, which no chemistry of compromise could eliminate from the system, was consumed in the crucible of civil war.

The system survived — purified as by fire, and prepared for the needs of a new era.

It is the same system that grew out of the fundamental opinions of our early colonists, and was moulded from their traditions. President Arthur sits in the chair of Washington and exercises the same powers, extending over a larger field. Chief Justice Waite wears the robes of John Jay, the distinguished ancestor of him who presides here to-night. The town-meeting, the original unit of American political life, follows the path of civilization and feeds the springs of political action beyond the Rocky Mountains, as it did in Massachusetts Bay. Even the anomalies remain, for the electors of the Executive do not elect, and on the floor of the Senate four

gentlemen from Oregon and Nevada, representing less than one hundred and fifty thousand, wield the same power as four from New York and Pennsylvania representing more than nine millions.

Yet the system is not the same. It has been subjected to changes, radical and necessarily permanent in their influence on the destiny of the country. Three of them have been ingrafted on the organic law: — that slavery cannot exist upon our soil; that every human being born or naturalized within our jurisdiction may assert throughout the world, "I am an American citizen;" and that no citizen shall be deprived of his share of political power by reason of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

This is the true progress and outcome of our political system during the brief existence of Alpha Delta.

And there are other changes, not marked by definite words in constitutions or statutes, but deeply engraven on the system by the sharp agency of war.

The long strife between State and National sovereignty — arising out of the theory that there can be a double sovereignty in one nation — which raged so fiercely in 1832, has almost ceased; since the great debate of 1830, liberty and union have become "one and inseparable."

President Garfield, in his inaugural, quoted the saying, "Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations." At last, after long strife, and by the

final arbitrament of arms, this great disturbing question has been settled, and we may hope to find repose.

Whether this is indeed a nation will soon pass from the field of discussion. Steam and electricity, and whatever undiscovered forces man shall evoke from nature, will combine with the subtler influences of national pride and common material interest and even the hallowed memories of the receding war, to make the United States of America one definite nation, one indivisible sovereign power, of the highest type yet reached among mankind, homogeneous in the fundamental ideas out of which it arose, and heterogeneous in all the faculties and institutions which are the best fruits of civilization.

I find in the diary of Carlyle this remark, "Politics are not our life, but only the house in which that life is led."

If this is true, how shall we measure our advance in politics during fifty years? Our population has increased from fifteen to fifty millions. Fifteen States have been admitted, with an aggregate of over thirteen hundred thousand square miles, — more than four times the area of the old thirteen.

We have acquired new territory, extending over nearly two millions of square miles, and reaching from the tropics to the frozen zone.

We have drawn from the soil two thousand millions of dollars in gold and silver, — about one-sixth of the total production of the world in all time.

We have twenty cities containing over nine millions of inhabitants; and this great house is furnished with railroads enough to make four lines around the globe, and telegraphs enough to girdle the equator with a coil of sixteen strands; and two hundred thousand telephones; and it has vacant mansions and untilled fields for uncounted millions yet to come, and nearly a million of strangers uninvited will come to visit us this year.

And over all this vast establishment, our political system moves, — not indeed without friction, not always with wise guidance, not perhaps without danger, but with such prosperity and safety as justify us in this occasion of rejoicing.

But why need I go beyond these walls for proof of the progress of our political system? Why may I not say, as is said to the seeker for Sir Christopher Wren's monument in St. Paul's, "Look around you"?

Could this Fraternity have brought this concourse here, on this metropolis, — on its fiftieth anniversary, — to this harvest home of American progress, bidding her sons to bring their sheaves with them, unless the political system, which was the means to these ends, had advanced and adapted itself to our growth?

What are the treasures of literature, education, science and morals which we spread here to-night but the fruits of the earliest labors of our fathers in the virgin fields of this continent? the harvest from the seeds strewn along the Atlantic shore two centuries ago?

What are you, brothers of Alpha Delta, with your traditions, your culture, your powers and your influence in society, but the fruits of our political system and the expression of its growth and adaptation?

I am proud, as one of the early members of the Fraternity, to offer you in a body, as an exhibit in proof of American progress in politics in its true definition, and to mark you $\Delta \Delta \Phi$,—"In hoc signo vinces!"

I said that I would not mar the occasion by foreboding disaster; but no thoughtful man can watch the working of this intricate political machinery over such a field and amidst such shifting elements without disquietude. The difficulties and burdens arising from the aggregation of our population in cities; the astonishing increase of immigration, infusing foreign elements at the rate of two per cent. annually to be absorbed into our system; the startling fact revealed by the late census, that over six millions over ten years of age cannot read or write,—these and like dangers will force our attention and require our labors.

But whatever fears we entertain, we, who are enrolled in the ranks of Alpha Delta, are prepared for our own duty,—to spread our influence as widely and as wisely as we may through the masses of human life upon which our system does its work.

Let us not be disturbed by the strife of parties or the turbulence of political contention. They are in

the nature of the system, and it can scarcely suffer greater shocks in the next half-century than in the last.

Let us heed a voice from the fresh grave at Concord: "We might as wisely reprove the east wind or a frost, as a political party, whose members for the most part could give no account of their position, but stand for the defence of those interests in which they find themselves. . . . The form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. So much life as it has is in the character of living men."

And heeding this admonition, let us not forget our individual duty in dealing with the material and political riches of our country.

Carlyle, speaking after his death in a fragment found among his papers by Froude, says:—

"Be not alarmed at the opulences, spiritual or material, of this world. Whether they be of the hand or the mind, whether consisting of St. Katharine's Docks, blooming cornfields and well-filled treasuries, or of sacred philosophies, theologies, bodies of science, recorded heroisms, and accumulated conquests of wisdom and harmonious human utterances, they have all been amassed by little and little. Poor insignificant transitory bipeds, little better than ourselves, have, ant-wise, accumulated them all. How inconsiderable was the contribution of each! Yet

working with hand or with head, in the strenuous order of their heart, they did what was in them; and here, so magnificent, overwhelming, almost divine and immeasurable, is the summed up result!"

Young men who have just been enrolled in the ranks of this Fraternity at the end of its first half-century, you must now bear your part in this work of accumulation for the next. Do whatever each may find in him, and the result will indeed be divine and immeasurable; for you will be masters in the noble art of governing your country,—the *fittest*, by the law of natural selection arising from the innate forces of Alpha Delta Phi. We who have made our little contribution summon you to the work of the future.

You may not be called upon to pass through our trials or encounter our obstacles; but whatever unknown dangers you may meet in the work of governing the great Republic of the West, upon you is laid the command which the Lord spake unto Moses between the hosts of Pharaoh and the Red Sea, "Why criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"

Obey this command, and go forward with the people,—as the leaders of the people,—firm in the fundamental opinions out of which our system grew, and strong in the forces stored up for you in the past; and then those who shall survive to take part in our *centennial* celebration, which will be on

the bi-centennial of the birth-year of Washington, may see the direct successor of Washington sitting secure in his seat and presiding over one hundred and fifty millions of freemen, and directing the same political system devised by our fathers, developed and expanded to meet the needs of successive generations.

And then, in some scene like this, you may rest from your labors, and spread before the young men of another century the treasures of your fifty years of progress in literature, education, science, politics and morals, as we do ours to-night.

FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN MORALS.

BY THE REV. ROSWELL DWIGHT HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D.

It might be that we have advanced in wealth and comfort, in letters and art, in science and liberty, without advancing in character. Civilization may be at once very high and very low, very elaborate and very bad, as, indeed, it has been repeatedly on the Euphrates, on the Nile, on the Tiber. This modern civilization, pessimists have said, is on the old road to the old catastrophe. Within the memory of living men, morals, it is alleged, have sensibly declined, and are still declining. This I deny, and shall try to show, that, with all our other progress, we have been progressing in morals also.

Our present civilization, in its distinctive characteristics, dates from the latter part of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century. It has had impulse and direction, partly from the inventions and discoveries that preceded the Protestant Reformation, and partly from the Protestant Reformation itself. It was first of all distinctively commercial, and afterwards therewith industrial. Wealth has increased rapidly and enormously; and it has been confidently asserted by socialistic reformers, that within the last

half-century, society has experienced a perilous, if not fatal, schism, — the rich growing steadily richer and richer, the poor growing steadily poorer and poorer, each class, meanwhile, developing its own characteristic and suicidal vices.

At first, there certainly *was* something of this sort, consequent upon the industrial revolution inaugurated by Sir Richard Arkwright's invention of the spinning-jenny in 1768. Machinery did for a while threaten an irritating and dangerous separation between class and class; but this mischievous tendency was soon detected and denounced. The whole movement is now reversed. In all Protestant countries especially, and to some extent in Roman Catholic countries also, a well-to-do, self-respecting middle-class is steadily developing. Wealth is undergoing normal and healthy distribution. The rich, instead of growing richer and richer, are, on the average, growing relatively poorer; and the poor, on the average, are growing relatively richer. At and towards the top there has been a slight levelling down; while at and towards the bottom there has been a very considerable levelling up. Scotland is now the richest country in Europe, — richer even than England, man for man. And the moral improvement has fully kept pace with the material. The Scotland of to-day is decidedly better than the Scotland of Burns and Jeffrey. Just as England, within a little more than a hundred years, has taken a tremendous stride from Walpole to Gladstone, from Byron

and Moore to Wordsworth and Tennyson. Spain, Italy and Russia are still far behind; but even they are improving.

On this side of the Atlantic, our Protestant civilization is answerable only for North America; and, indeed, is fully answerable only for the United States.

Undoubtedly there is such a thing as natural morality, more or less of it, in the blood. The Greeks, for example, were morally superior to the Persians, and the Romans to the Greeks, and the Teutons, again, to the Romans. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is evident enough, that our American conscience has remarkable vitality and vigor. Moral science has always had great prominence in our educational system.

American authorship has run largely in this direction. Of ethical writers during the last half-century, one easily remembers Wayland (1835), Alexander (1852), Hickok (1853), Winslow (1856), Haven (1859), Hopkins (1863), Fairchild (1869) and Gillett (1874). These eight men have been college or seminary professors, educators of scholars, and statesmen, making themselves felt down through, and up through, every grade of society, from one end of the country to the other.

President Hopkins reappeared in President Garfield. Webster, Choate and Everett, Hawthorne and Emerson were Puritans; with Wendell Phillips following

hard after them. Of our four chief poets, — Dana, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier, — not one ever penned an immoral line. And the American people have kept well up with their leaders and representatives. Nowhere in Christendom have great moral questions commanded more prompt and resolute attention, or been brought to quicker and better issues. Nowhere in Christendom is downright character more sure of hearty recognition. Nowhere in Christendom are mothers, wives and daughters more kindly and tenderly treated. Nowhere in Christendom have such splendid contributions been made, by private persons, to institutions and objects of mercy, of religion, of learning and of art. American merchant-princes are altogether a new variety in history, belonging especially to the last half-century.

The temperance reformation is one of the memorable moral achievements of the period now under review. The drinking habits of society had become alarmingly bad. New England rum, which dates from 1730, was more popular than some other New England notions dating farther back. Common domestic hospitality required a decanter on every sideboard. Social festivity, especially on public occasions, invited intoxication. Everybody was tempted. Wages were spent, patrimonies were squandered, families were humiliated and beggared, crimes were multiplied, and taxes were increased, till the waste and the shame and the curse could be endured no longer.

Then came Lyman Beecher, Hewitt and Humphrey, in their shaggy mantles of prophecy. Then came the first Temperance Society of 1826. Then, after a while, the Washingtonian movement. And then, again, prohibitory legislation. That the measures have all been wise, or that the doctrines have all been sound, need be neither assumed nor argued. Enough that a monstrous social evil has certainly been assailed, and that immeasurable social good has certainly been accomplished. Within these fifty years drunkenness has become disgraceful.

The abolition of American negro slavery is another memorable achievement of the period in question. To be sure, it was sharp military surgery that cut the cancer out. But it required a strong moral constitution to endure the surgery, and a still stronger constitution to drive the cancerous humor from the blood. It was an old, hard cancer. If history reckoned back two hundred years, from the Missouri Compromise of 1821, to the landing of slaves at Jamestown, history could also reckon back two hundred years to another landing at Plymouth. And although the Missouri Compromise was thought final by the politicians, it had stung the conscience of the nation and defied the stars. In 1830, William Lloyd Garrison was fined \$50 for an anti-slavery libel in Baltimore, and imprisoned because he could not pay the fine. In 1832, the New England Anti-Slavery Society was organized. In 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was

published. In 1854, in the interest of slavery, came the Kansas-Nebraska repeal of the Missouri Compromise. In 1861, Sumter was fired upon. In 1863, slavery was abolished. And in 1865, Appomattox ended the agony. Five hundred thousand young lives had perished—one for every eight of the emancipated slaves. But great names, heroic memories and liberty survived. Abraham Lincoln was worth waiting for those two hundred years—was worth all it cost the nation to find him out. Already each of the warring sections has adopted the real heroes of the other. On one side are Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Farragut. On the other side are Lee, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson and the Johnstons. And they are all Americans. There is no longer any boasting on either side, nor any bitterness. Besides the battles on the land and on the seas, there were battles also in the sky; and right and freedom carried the day. From slave to citizen, however, is a long way yet; but neither longer nor shorter than from soldier to schoolmaster, from Sherman to Slater.

Mormonism, I suppose, must also be considered as part of our moral history. At all events, it belongs mostly to the last half-century, and geographically, of course, to the American continent, though it has very little else that is properly American about it. The dupes of this salacious and silly religion are chiefly Europeans of a stolid type. Polygamy is Oriental and Asiatic, and Providence would have done the Mor-

mons dramatic justice by sending them to the Desert of Gobi. In Utah we have only to trample the abomination out.

Immigration is one of the great things of the last half-century. In 1831, we took in a foreign population of 22,633; in 1881, we took in 669,431. In mere bulk, the migration has had no parallel in history. But this huge tidal movement of human beings has a great moral significance. The barbarians who overran the Roman Empire were impelled, it is said, by a legend of Asgard, their sacred city, out of which their race had been driven, and which they were roaming in search of. Asgard is America. From every other continent men are flocking hither to better their hard condition. It is neither Democratic, nor Republican, nor Christian, nor human, to shut the gates.

It only remains to say a word about the mutual relations of condition and character. Not merely within these last fifty years, but quite recently within them, physiological, biological and sociological studies have influenced powerfully and profoundly our theories of moral reform. Formerly, the teaching was hard like granite. Small account was made of circumstances. Character had few generous auxiliaries in its bitter fight, little consideration in its grinding toil. It was masonry without mortar, bricks without straw.

Latterly we have studied the physical and social environments of men. Some of us, perhaps, may

have gone too far in the new philosophy, making character too entirely the creature of its conditions. Some of us, I am sure, have not gone quite far enough. Some of us have yet to learn a proper charity for the ignorant, the incompetent, the weak of will, the poor, the sick, the disappointed.

In heroic natures, character may be relied upon to dominate condition. But heroes are in the minority as yet. Hunger must be Spartan to starve before it steals. And we that are strong must take upon ourselves the infirmities of the weak. It is not every one of us that can be honest without bread, or have courage without hope.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL SONG.

BY THE REV. PERCY BROWNE.

I.

YE hearts of men with purpose high !
Ye hands of men with will to do !
Come, hold and feel the deathless tie,
And bind it round our soul anew ;
Come, Sing the hope, the prophecy
Of ancient Alpha Delta Phi.

II.

Where heart and brain, through fifty years,
Have helped the Truth, or killed the Lie :
Wherever Faith with conquered fears,
Or struggling Right made heroes die ;
There, there, O Alpha Delta Phi,
Thy sons fulfilled thy prophecy.

III.

In Senates where our Country's need
Invoked the patriot's purity :
On tribunes, whence the People heed,
The Statesman's wise Sincerity ;
Thy Sons, O Alpha Delta Phi,
Fulfilled thy hope and prophecy.

IV.

Deep in the Scholar's happy, calm,
Perusal of the World's best lore;
Clear on the open generous palm,
Whose touch still makes the World less sore;
Behold thy hope and prophecy
Fulfilled, O Alpha Delta Phi.

V.

The dawn prophetic on your brow,
Ye men of fifty years ago,
Is noonday light around us now;
Our noon fulfils your morning's glow —
Fulfils your hope and prophecy
In ancient Alpha Delta Phi!

VI.

But noonday Suns make mornings, where
The newer skies in darkness lie:
Our fifty zenithed years prepare
Another dawn in Delta Phi;
A larger hope and prophecy
For all the coming years to see.

VII.

Hail, Newer Age, come grasp our hand!
And take the grip of truth to-day!
Ye hearts of coming men expand
To wear the Star and Crescent's ray!
Hark! all the years to come reply:
"We're thine, O Alpha Delta Phi!"

BANQUET, 1882

BANQUET, 1882

ADDRESS

By the Hon. JOHN JAY, LL.D., President of the Fraternity

ADDRESS

By the Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Chairman at the Banquet

RESPONSES TO TOASTS

THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL EELLS

By JOHN N. WHITING, LL.D.

THE PAST OF ALPHA DELTA PHI

By the Hon. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN

THE FUTURE OF ALPHA DELTA PHI

By the Rev. PERCY BROWNE

THE PRESS

By the Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL.D.

THE BENCH AND BAR

By the Hon. CHARLES S. BRADLEY, LL.D.

THE PROGRESSIVE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN LIFE

By EVERETT P. WHEELER

ADDRESS.

BY THE HON. JOHN JAY, LL.D.,
President of the Fraternity.

Brothers of the Alpha Delta Phi:—

I PRAY you to accept my warmest thanks for this kind reception. I beg leave to congratulate you that, after your three days' labor in the celebration of our fiftieth anniversary, you have reached, under such auspicious circumstances, the beginning of the end. When to-morrow's sun shall rise upon the second half of the century, I think you may all feel that Alpha Delta Phi has been strengthened for the coming years, and in the advancement of its mission of bringing to the front American scholarship. Thanks to the Executive Council, our celebration has been a complete success, especially at the Academy of Music, where five distinguished scholars took part in the symposium.

Those gentlemen made the Alpha Delta Phi more appreciated than ever by the people of this city. Always in fair repute, our Fraternity is now held in additional favor by New York, which has become the seat of your Council and the centre of your influence. This success seems to have aroused among the outside world an impression that they begin to understand more clearly than before the meaning of our mystic symbols, the crescent and star.

The crescent, they suppose, symbolizes the gentle light which friendship sheds, in the words of Keats, "along the pebbled shore of memory." As regards the star, there has been more diversity of opinion. Some have looked upon it as one of the innumerable stars which constitute the poetry of heaven, and to which the poet alludes when he represents "the queen of heaven with all her virgin stars about her." Others have thought it some "bright, particular star," which had been selected as the emblem of a Fraternity which is to guide and guard the scholarship of America, and, perhaps, in time, the politics of America. But these explanations are found insufficient, and public opinion seems to have settled down into a belief which more nearly meets the requirements, that the star of Alpha Delta is the identical star which that great scholar, Bishop Berkeley, saw on its westward way, — the star of empire.

Gentlemen, brothers, I have congratulated you upon the celebration thus far, and I beg leave now to congratulate you still more upon what is to follow. Your proceedings this evening will be presided over by a scholar in the law, — one who has attained to early eminence in his profession; one whose voice is persuasive before courts and juries, and whose name is known throughout the country; one whose charming eloquence never fails to sparkle with wit and ripple with humor. I have the honor to present to you our well-beloved brother, Joseph H. Choate.

ADDRESS.

BY THE HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE,

Chairman at the Banquet.

Brethren of Alpha Delta Phi:—

I AM delighted to hear our venerable President come square out on the platform of co-education. I had thought he was hanging back a little; but I can give no other construction to his happy reference to the bright luminary of Alpha Delta Phi “with all her virgin stars about her.”

Our Brother Franklin, of the Executive Council, has assured me that this is just the moment to begin. He says we are all just ripe now; and so, as I suppose you are all ready to “come down” with very little shaking, I think, too, it is time to begin.

As we cannot be sure of all dining together more than once in fifty years, it behooves us to make this occasion, as every banquet of this Fraternity should be, a genuine love feast.

It is so long since I went through the sacred mysteries of initiation that I have really forgotten what the technical qualifications for membership in this Society are; but if I can frame a general idea, such as would do to give to the reporters, — how delighted

they would be, gentlemen, if we could tell them all we know,—if, I say, I should frame a general idea from looking at the older members of the Society,—our worthy President, for instance,—I should say that there were three essentials for admission: a clear head, a sound heart and a faithful stomach. Now your hearts are all in the right place, I am sure, because at this moment you are here, every man of you, and your heads are full, I know—I don't mean by anything that has happened to-night, but because to my personal knowledge you sat for three mortal hours at the Academy of Music, and listened to the utterances of the five men who were selected for the symposium from the greatest catalogue that has ever been published, because it contains the members and elements of the greatest Society that ever was organized. So I trust your souls are all attuned in harmony to this occasion. I know that the third qualification you all have, for I have seen that excellent organ in full operation before me to-night. I have seen your countenances expanding with your waistbands. I know you are all ready for the serious and sober duties of this occasion. I do most highly appreciate the honor conferred upon me, Mr. President, in being called to take the chair this evening in the presence of the delegates assembled from seventeen colleges in the country, each of them the best college in the whole country. I should, however, have felt the compliment as a more delicate piece of flattery if the committee

in asking me had urged a different reason from that which they did. They said they wanted me to take the chair on this occasion because I was one of the few survivors of those who were here at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society in 1857, — one of those venerable men who have come down to you from a former generation. When I look around the length of this table and see who my associates are in this misery of age, when I recollect those who were present and active on that occasion, — our Brothers Jay and Whiting and Sullivan (who did not then part his hair in the middle) and Curtis (who had already learned that speech was silver and has not yet found out that silence is golden) and Bradley and Wheeler and all the rest of these aged men, — I congratulate myself that at any rate our appearance does furnish a new and signal illustration of the truth of that great doctrine of the survival of the fittest, — that doctrine which, however it may have disposed of the rest of mankind, has at least made its author immortal.

Now, I suppose I ought to say a word about the objects of this Society. I am a little afraid in the fervor of the moment of betraying something; but confining myself to general observations, I should say, to sum it up in a very few words, — words fit for the reporter to give to the morning papers, — that the two great objects of this Society were self-satisfaction and mutual admiration. How can it be otherwise? For if we are not satisfied with ourselves, how can we

expect the world at large to be satisfied with us? If we do not indulge in admiration of each other, why, certainly, we shall have to go without that most grateful incentive.

I wish that Father Eells could look down from that other world on this occasion, as indeed I have no doubt he does. He builded better than he knew. Little could he have thought that the tiny acorn which he planted half a century ago would by this time have grown into such a sturdy oak. For one, I believe that fifty years of Alpha Delta Phi are better than a cycle of any other society.

Gentlemen, I dare not trust myself to tell you all I feel. Why, how benighted this world was before this Society was organized! You heard all about it the other night at the Academy of Music. American literature was a thing unheard of before Alpha Delta Phi was founded. Some people might say that this is merely a coincidence of time; but, gentlemen, we have studied to better purpose the true relation of cause to effect. We know better. We know that the first chapter of this society in Hamilton College gave a stimulus to American literature it lacked before. It kindled the youthful muse of Longfellow and mounted Holmes upon Pegasus. It turned Emerson away from the pulpit to wander in the groves of philosophy, and gave birth to the charming genius of Lowell. I speak of that last bright luminary of Alpha Delta Phi with special enthusiasm and love, for he was one of the founders of the

Harvard Chapter in which I was born. And then, too, we know that the founding of Alpha Delta Phi was the beginning of all the material prosperity that America has since known.

Dr. Storrs has told you what the world went without before the dawn of Alpha Delta Phi. There was no telegraph; there were no railroad cars; there was no chloroform; there were no friction-matches. I do not know as an historical fact that gunpowder and the printing-press are directly attributable to Alpha Delta Phi; but the originating power of our Fraternity might warrant the inference, and even these might with equal truth be ascribed to its creative power. I regretted very much that Dr. Hitchcock was cut short from demonstrating the progress which this Society has made in morals. I should be unable to admit, however, that there has been any progress in the morals of this Society in these fifty years. That would be to admit that these young men at the end of the hall are better than you, Mr. President, and Mr. Sullivan and myself.

While we stand at the ridge looking back upon the half-century, and you are looking forward to the countless centuries in which this Fraternity is to furnish an expectant world with gifted men, the question arises, how are we to improve the vast privileges that are given to us? How shall we give the world the full benefits of Alpha Delta Phi? I know but one way; and that is, by carrying her beneficent preëminence into all the departments of life. My friend, Mr. Curtis, will serve

us with an illustration, whose enthusiasm and whose patriotic impulses impel him to devote the full fervor of his faculties on every suitable occasion to the great principles of civil-service reform. And I have the highest authority in the country for saying that civil-service reform will never reach its full development until all the best offices in the country are filled with the members of this Fraternity. I say I have the highest authority in the country for saying this; and when I give you his name, you will concede it, for he is no less a person than the President of the United States. Among his highest—I think his very highest—functions is the prerogative of selecting good judges for the federal tribunals. In looking over the great State of New York with its five millions of people, he chose to improve the opportunity of his position to carry into practice the principle I have stated when he made Samuel Blatchford a justice of the Supreme Court, and William J. Wallace a justice of the Circuit Court of the United States, and Arthur Cleveland Coxe—who is with us to-night—judge of the northern district of New York. By which President Arthur evidently means to signify that in his opinion the judicial ermine can only be drawn in perfect purity and spotlessness from the wardrobe of the Alpha Delta Phi.

But, gentlemen, the hours of this occasion are rapidly flying, and I do not mean to take the whole time. There are a great many men sitting about me who want a chance to speak,—you have not heard the subdued ex-

pressions of ~~their~~ impatience for the last quarter of an hour. They are, I know, absolutely bursting for an opportunity to be heard. But before I call upon them I have one more duty to perform. I call upon you to fill your glasses and drink to the memory of the great father of this Society, Samuel Eells.

[The toast was drunk standing and in silence.]

Now, gentlemen, we haven't any one with us to-night who was an actual associate of the founder in 1832; but there is one gentleman here who looks as if he might have been. I am happy to introduce our Brother John N. Whiting, of the Geneva Chapter.

THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL EELLS.

BY JOHN N. WHITING, LL.D.

Brothers in Alpha Delta Phi:—

I HAVE had little or no notice whatever that I was expected to refer to the distinguished founder of this Society. I will ask to read to you a letter from Chief Justice Chase, which was written in 1868, and addressed, I believe, to the promoters of an occasion like this.

I met Father Eells twice, I think, or three times. I was impressed, as everybody was who came in contact with him, by the evident sincerity and sympathy of his nature, and by his large acquirements and moral elevation. He was tall and slight of figure. When I knew him his health had failed, and he seemed to be as one taking the measure of his grave. His manner was severe, perhaps austere. He seemed to have an introverted inspection of himself in view of the great change he felt to be impending. If his manner had been somewhat more subdued, perhaps, a suggestion of him might be observed in Brother Choate.

[The appended letter was then read]:—

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR, — Only within the last few days have I surrendered the hope of being able to meet the brethren of the Alpha Delta Phi in New York this year.

Had it been possible for me to be present at the convention, it would have been a duty, sad, indeed, but yet pleasing, to comply with the wish of our brethren that I should speak to them of the founder of the Society, my dear friend and partner in the practice of the law, Samuel Eells. I wish that time would allow me now to write what, if present, I would say. But what I write must be very brief.

I was a young lawyer when Mr. Eells became associated with me in business. He was some years my junior. He was but a few years out of college, and had devoted those to the instruction of others, and to self-culture. His professional attainments were uncommonly large and varied, and as advocate he was excelled by no one of his years. He rose rapidly in the confidence and the esteem of the community. Our partnership ceased, but the friendship continued. In common with many friends, I rejoiced in his increasing reputation and extending practice. No more brilliant future rose before any young gentlemen of the bar.

But he was not permitted to make it his own by possession. Ill-health interrupted his labors. We hoped that the interruption would be temporary; but the hope proved delusive. He visited Cuba, but de-

rived little benefit from the visit. From time to time there were intervals of amelioration, and he resumed partially his professional avocations. At length he was obliged to yield to the disease, and awaited the great ~~change~~.

He awaited it calmly, and even joyfully, for he was a Christian. Once he told me of a vision he had had of the supernal glories, and his eloquent lips seemed to have been touched by a coal from the altar of God. A few weeks after he entered into rest.

I can write no more now ; but I rejoice in the thought that the Fraternity he founded and loved has become the abiding monument of his genius and virtues.

Very sincerely yours,

S. P. CHASE.

THE PAST OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

BY THE HON. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

FOR his own sake and for yours, brother Alpha Deltas, Professor Dwight's absence is to be regretted. He is such a conspicuous part of the past of our Fraternity, that, at best, I can be but a poor substitute. I cannot, on this summons, chronicle the incidents in our history, but as I listened to the sketch of the founder of the Society, as it was read just now by Brother Whiting, the life and character of Alpha Delta Phi, as a whole, rose in distinct image before me. Its genesis in the heart of a noble, scholarly, Christian gentleman, with associates of like quality, moulded its entire future. Our thoughts have run backwards, — the long path displaying everywhere the verisimilitude of its opening. The case is like that of the peasant whose story, by an old writer, I will quote, and whose home was at the foot of the Alps. It was in the charming age when men's imagination deified the forces and harmonies of nature, and every locality was the dwelling-place of a god or a goddess. A mountain brook fertilized our peasant's garden. He piously adored the naiad who fed the stream, and who increased its quantity and its coolness as the summer's heat increased. A fancy struck him that he would

go and discover the place where she concealed her inexhaustible urn. He began to follow upward the track of the rivulet. Every step in the ascent reveals to him new and interesting objects near and far. He passes the line of snow, and even there the Alpine harebell is blooming at his feet. He proceeds in hopes of reaching the blessed abode where the gods preside over the destiny of the world, and at last he arrives at the foot of a glacier. Where now is his beneficent naiad? Is his divinity but a mass of ice? Is this the inanimate source of blessing to his sweet home and his tranquil valley? We can answer for him. In all the revolving seasons, the fleecy clouds and the stormy tempests have piled their treasures of dew and snow upon the mountain. The sun lifted the ocean's vapors, the viewless winds bore them landward, and they crystallized on ever-rising pinnacles until they propped the incumbent skies. In due season, resolved by the sun, the imprisoned waters returning to the basin of the sea enrich the peasant's garden, and diffuse abundance in a thousand different channels. In all these various movements, the law which controls them, and the wisdom, are something more than the majesty of nature. It is the providence of the God of the universe. Our Alpha Delta Phi brotherhood, in all its past, has felt the impulse of the Christian faith and the Christian character of the men who laid its foundations. As the sky over our heads this

night shows the constellated beauty of the star and the crescent, above the font of our Society's baptism was the Star of Bethlehem, in the faith of its earliest members.

In these days of infidelity and agnostic philosophies, I do not feel that I transgress the limits of propriety, even on a collegian's festival night, when I thus recall the seal and impress of religious belief which was put upon us,—for all time.

So, may the dear old Society continue, clear, pure, fed from the upper heights, imparting honor and happiness to all within its influence, like the meadow-brook,—

"Which gently kisseth every sedge
It meeteth in its pilgrimage."

THE FUTURE OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

BY THE REV. PERCY BROWNE.

Gentlemen:—

I THANK you for your applause, which springs, no doubt, from your desire to fortify a brother in the difficult position of having to reply to the most solemn toast of the evening, under conditions which make seriousness almost ridiculous. The fascination of the present, which you all feel at this hour, is peculiarly intense in my close adjacency to Brother Choate, whose play of wit makes us all feel that "*Carpe Diem*" is the only reasonable philosophy for an occasion like this. "The Future" could never seem less winning than at the present moment, bright with the charm of our toast-master, whose fascination I see reflected in every face. The only "Future" that can compete with it is the future of the next few minutes, when we are to listen to Brother George William Curtis, whose noble work, in the recent past, for the purification of our national ideal is a profoundly inspiring fact for all these younger lives who "feel the years before them."

Under such conditions the solemnity of the toast would appall me were it not that I recall another occa-

sion when a sentiment of vaster proportions than "The Future" was given and replied to without any appearance of dismay. It was in Boston, last winter, at the dinner of the graduates of our New England chapter. On that occasion there were many toasts of a stupendous character, congenial with the New England habit of entertaining the "immensities" at the gayest scenes; but all finally lead up to this: "The universe in connection with Alpha Delta Phi!" It was announced, indeed, with a light and airy humor, intended to be a veil thrown over the subject, so considerate was the president, so solicitous lest the universe should feel abashed if presented too suddenly to the Boston mind. However, the calmness with which the toast was received was sublimer than the sentiment itself. The gentleman who responded seemed an expert in dealing with universes; he patted the round world until all its empires peeped from between his fingers, eager to catch a glimpse of $\Delta \Delta \Phi$. He laid his caressing hand upon the starry vault with such a magic touch that the most conservative of the constellations seemed in danger of losing their symmetry, so inflamed were all the stars with the proud ambition to become the particular star of $\Delta \Delta \Phi$; and finally, to the satisfaction of all, the orthodox doctrine of universes was stated to be this: that a universe is of no account except in connection with $\Delta \Delta \Phi$. In this exaggerated doctrine, however, you will detect the unexaggerated truth, that the material order gets its chief value from its relation to that for which our Fraternity stands

as a witness. If our Brotherhood means only a number of men united by certain esoteric sympathies, darkly hinted in symbol and grip, or if it means only a visible college Society, then we may dismiss with a smile the bathos of the language.

But if our Fraternity stands for a conception of life which embraces all that is implied in manhood above its physical surroundings and conditions, so that the essential glory of manhood is called to show itself in living above the physical order; if our Fraternity is but another name for that conception of man which regards him as neither the prisoner, slave, nor victim of material things, but rather as a power ordained to rule them; if our song of Brotherhood is but one of the many variations of the eternal anthem, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, Thou hast put all things under his feet,"—then indeed ours is a Fraternity of men holding an ideal of human life which makes the physical universe not an enemy, but the proper servant of it in its highest endeavor.

And because our name does stand for that ideal, our Boston brother was exact when he said: "The universe is of no account except in connection with
Α Δ Φ.

Our Fraternity embodies the idea that personal life is the thing of supreme interest, and in every college it propagates a larger conception of what personal manhood must strive to be. At least, it resists the two false ideas prevalent among students,—the idea of isolated

studiousness on the one hand, and of unstudious "good-fellowship" on the other. It warns the recluse that he must develop the spirit of generous companionship. It admonishes the man of social instinct that his social impulses need the steadying influence of work. It insists upon the union of scholarly culture and fraternal warmth in each. It resists the tendency to seek learning at the expense of the social side of our nature, and the tendency to enjoy the social side of our nature in the spirit of soft protest against *eternal* study. It urges the natural student to seek "good-fellowship," and the naturally "good fellow" to seek scholarship, and so witnesses for an ideal of manhood unnarrowed by either extreme. It holds up the personal selfhood of each as the supreme value, rather than any special pursuit or attainment.

It values every noble attainment and achievement, but only as features in the personal life. It values the doer more than the thing done. However brilliant scholar one may be, Δ Δ Φ asks about him the question which touches the essential manhood in him; viz., "What sort of man is he?" The student, in facing the active world, finds this ideal of his college Fraternity ignored by the exigencies of this rapidly developing age, but he will also find the deeper instincts of men on its side. Let him trust them; they are his true allies. Amidst the tendency of our time to specialize men into limited definitions of themselves, and to give them a market-value determined by some special and limited capacity, he will find every

noble motive resisting it, and counting it a degradation to be so measured by "the world's coarse finger and thumb," which can never span the deeper, broader value of a man's whole self. Everywhere, indeed, the special task of each demands that it be well done, and we must satisfy that demand or fall out of the ranks of doers; but everywhere, as men are conscious of being true to their special tasks, they are conscious of a deep desire to unite with each other on the side of their common manhood, as though they feared isolation, lest it should leave them defenceless against the absorbing force of their several pursuits. All the tendency towards association and coöperation, so evident in our day, is not utilitarian; it has its roots in the instinctive need which all have of being recognized as a man who can *be* something, as well as *do* something. We cannot find our best manhood in isolation. Even the hermit goes to the desert, not to be alone, but to seek the brotherhood of angels. It is in associating with each other's higher self, which scorns to be specialized, that we find the sweetness and value in life which make it worth living. This is why the social hour is the perfect hour; it unites us in that exquisite atmosphere through which we see each other's best motive, quite free from the limitations of our special pursuit. In hours like these our Fraternity may be doing its best work; it gives us a genial admonition to make ourselves worthy of the contact and fellowship of *men* in the highest interpretation of that word. In that lies its best in-

fluence. In these social hours, when we are most open to hints from above, it makes us see anew that ideal for which $\Delta \Delta \Phi$ is a perpetual witness, and which is in danger of being lost in this age of such intense interest in the human environment as almost kills interest in man himself. We call ours an age of transition; which is a confession that it marks but a passage in the progress of man. We feel assured that it must result in a coming age of adjustment, when the world shall begin to really live in the home which is now being so vigorously reëxamined, enlarged and cleaned. Let it be ours to carry 'undimmed our Fraternity's high ideal of manhood through the passing, agitating years, on to the coming age in which a better-balanced human type of life than is recognized now must prevail. When that good time shall come; when the nervous negations of to-day shall finally yield to the calm affirmations of the future; when science shall have discovered the final limits of man's earthly home and the true laws which rule the home; when words shall have grounded themselves upon an unquestioned foundation; when art shall have become a sure expression of the perpetually beautiful; when literature shall be the expression of only the best thinking of the noblest minds, and religion shall learn to walk without its shadow, superstition, and to consume all terror in the fire of an aspiration pointing to the supreme love; in a word, when the best humanity shall realize itself,—it will be only the reali-

zation of that ideal of man which our beloved Fraternity has carried in its heart for half a century.

Could we, in anticipation, meet with the coming man of that coming time, though we might not see the star and crescent on his breast, still, seeing in him the fulfilment of all that our symbols stand for, we should claim him as a brother, and greet him with the old familiar "Kaire $\Delta \Delta \phi$."

Gentlemen, to-night we remember the Past and pledge the Future; the Past, not only of $\Delta \Delta \phi$ fifty years, but the larger Past through which has been handed on by all generous natures the noble consciousness of manhood which $\Delta \Delta \phi$ strives to nourish in her sons. The Future, not of another fifty years, but of all the years which are to bring to her worthier sons than we can claim to be. To-night, memory shapes the vision and holds the goblet in which we pledge the Future.

However bright the hour about us, we feel the noble seriousness of the toast. Goethe throws it all into that wonderful song, made familiar in Carlyle's terse English, and which he loved to chant to many a hearer, as "The Road Song and Marching Song of the Ages":—

"The future hides in it gladness and sorrow,
We press still thorough,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, onward.

"While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Come phantasm and error,
Perplexing the bravest
With doubts and misgivings.

"But, heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The world and the ages.
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless!"

Brothers! when we pledged our vows to $\Lambda \Delta \Phi$, *we* chose well; our choice was brief, but it is endless. We chose an ideal whose glory is that it makes him who strives to embody it the best brother of his fellow-man everywhere. That choice is brief as the life of each; as endless as the life of humanity. Our Fraternity moves on into the Future of that endless endeavor, not leaving the Past in disgust or despair, but gathering from it the inspiration which impels her, as breezes from the receding shore fill the sails which move the ship to the distant port.

THE PRESS.

BY THE HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL.D.

Mr. President, Brethren of the Alpha Delta Phi:—

I HAVE been recently engaged with other music than that which interests us here to-night, and yet, amid all the memorable and inspiring performances of the recent music festival, I heard no sweeter strain than that of "Kaire Alpha Delta Phi"; and whatever may be the mystic meaning of those revered characters, no one who heard, or who has only read, the discourses of the other evening at the Academy, will doubt that they stand at least for learning, eloquence and power.

Mr. President, as I stand in these narrow confines, surrounded by these venerable brethren, and feeling that I am here in a prisoner's dock before the most generous of juries, I ask myself what is the charm of this Society? Do not start, sir; I do not intend to reveal to these expectant gentlemen the august secret of Alpha Delta Phi, for, of course, we would all go willingly to the stake rather than reveal it,—if we chance to know what it is. But what is the charm that draws you, venerable and diffident sir [to Mr. Choate], from the safe seclusion that your office grants to this unwonted scene of revelry? [Mr. Choate: "I came to hear you."]

No, sir; it is that Alpha Delta Phi has discovered the philosopher's stone. It was the property of that stone to transmute everything to gold; and it is the magic of this cabalistic Society to turn the years of the whitening whisker and the thinning hair into the golden days of youth. If by any chance there should be any gentleman here,—and observe that I make no imputation whatever, I save myself by an "if,"—if by chance there should be a single member who felt that he was past his earliest prime, would he not eagerly own that the magic of Alpha Delta Phi was that of Medea's wondrous alchemy? It makes him young again. Happier than Ponce de Leon, whoever is admitted to this august Fraternity drinks of the fountain of youth. Every song and anniversary celebration, every supper and speech, recalls the day "of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower"; and if all these reverend legs and grave voices around this table could have their way, under the spell of Alpha Delta Phi, they would caper into corantos and double-shuffles, and break out into gay convivial songs:—

"We'll drink to-night with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As the bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting."

I know that our Society and kindred societies are under the ban of some good men. To some excellent college fathers the Greek-letter societies are what the

Carbonari were to the Pope, and the German student leagues to the kings, and the Freemasons to our fathers. Such good people seem to hold these societies to be nests of deep and dark conspiracy and scenes of corroding dissipation. But I could console them with the tale of one society to which I belonged, which was profoundly secret, and which was believed to be the gate of all debauchery and woe. When I was a very small boy, at a very small school, emulous of our elders who were members of Greek-letter societies in colleges, we improvised a mystic society. We were not content with three letters; we took four,—Tau Gamma Sigma Beta, of which the English equivalent was, “The Great Slam Bang.” But our lion was the mildest, not the most fearful, of wild-fowls. The object of the society was the promotion of truth and friendship. The mystic rites of initiation were turning around three times blindfolded, and trying to reach a glass of water; and the debauchery consisted in eating molasses gingerbread at the awful hour of midnight. Such orgies might have deranged our own stomachs, but it could hardly have disturbed the peace of society. I shall betray none of the sacred mysteries of the Tau Gama Sigma Beta. Our glory was our secrecy, and our secrecy was harrowing to the school authorities. But, so far as I know, T. G. S. B. did not impair our loyalty, nor do we remember the society with more affection than the school. You must testify whether it is not so with the college.

The loyal Alpha Delta is loyal to his Society, to his class, to his college; but more than all, and above and beyond all, to the great fraternity of educated men. His mystic Society is a poor club if it does not teach him a just pride in his great order, if it does not teach him that *noblesse oblige*; that it is the duty of educated men to lead, not to follow; that their type is not a fantastic pedant like Dr. Parr, but a brave, spiritual pioneer like Emerson, a poet of all pure affections like Longfellow, an intrepid explorer of nature like Darwin, a statesman whose splendid powers are subordinated to justice and the moral law like Gladstone.

I am speaking, it appears, for the press. Well, Alpha Delta Phi upon the press is merely the educated American enforcing and illustrating the truest American principles. Gentlemen, it is for us all to remember that the honor of the Society is in our keeping. In college and out of college it will be judged by our character and conduct. It is not by numbers and riches, by fashion and luxurious chapter-houses, that we can be just to the Society and to the educated class. There and then only do we truly serve it and make its name beautiful and illustrious when we take care that purity in literature, thoroughness in education, accuracy in science, honesty in politics and stainlessness in morals are always and everywhere identical with Alpha Delta Phi.

THE BENCH AND BAR.

BY THE HON. CHARLES S. BRADLEY, LL.D.

I HAVE left, Mr. President, the bench and the bar, but I have not left the Alpha Delta Phi. The wishes of our young brothers before us, and your abounding graciousness, Mr. President, will permit me, a delegate from the Alumni Association of New England, to blend with the theme you have assigned some reminiscences of Alpha Delta Phi, of its earlier times, and of its founders.

The decade from thirty to forty was an awakening era. We speak cautiously, for we know less of the laws which regulate through the ages the movements of the human mind than we know of those which regulate the movements of worlds and suns through the starry depths of the heavens. Yet observers of this decade have noticed that electricity then first rendered its service to man in carrying his words and thoughts, now soon to give him light and power. Steam then first became his common carrier on the land. This great laborer for man, through American inventions, has doubled his powers, till now he puts forth more strength — yea, a hundred-fold more — than all the muscular force of the human race throughout the world.

At the same time, in the moral world, awoke the spirit of reform. The temperance movement changed the position of society on that question. The anti-slavery movement arose with a power which carried this people through realities upon which our greatest intellect could not look even in imagination, — a land rent with civil feuds and drenched in fraternal blood. In letters, Channing with mild radiance and Brownson in his turbulent strength — yet more, Carlyle and Emerson — filled our morning skies with their awakening light.

To the youths in our Eastern colleges, these were the spirits whose presence and power, in the words of Wordsworth, “ filled our illumined groves with ravishment.”

It was at such a time and in such a light that the star and crescent appeared to us. Our young hearts leaped up with gladness to its welcome. What it did for us is best told in the life-story of those upon whom its benediction descended.

My classmates have been members of the Fraternity for forty-five out of the fifty years whose completion we celebrate to-night. They gather round me to the mind's eye, a group of the living and the dead, those founders, in their boyhood, of our chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi. Among those choosing the profession of the law, out of a small class of the Brown-bred boys, I see one, Thomas Allen Jenckes, who has gone before us. He left his strong impress upon the legis-

lation of the country in the system of bankruptcy which sought, as wisdom dictates, to create one and the same law for the relation of debtor and creditor throughout the Union. He proposed in Congress the first bill for that civil-service reform to which this Association pledged itself to-day, and which is essential to the continuance of our government in the pure and simple spirit of its creation.

Another is in a far-distant State, the beautiful peninsula of the West. He has been a member from youth upward of the political party which could not confer political office. Yet in critical emergencies in those voluntary associations through which American life expresses itself, as a member of the Democratic national conventions at Charleston and Baltimore, he did much to determine the course of that party whose action was essential to the great result. One of the wisest and most peculiar provisions of the constitution of Michigan, that which secures a permanent income from the State to its great university, was grafted upon that constitution by his hand. It has been truly said of him that Lothrop, in the great cities of the East, among the eloquent sons of the South, or as an English barrister, would have been at once at home and a leader, as he has been in the great North-west.

Another of that little class and brotherhood of Alpha Delta Phi is Marcus Morton. He inherited the highest and rarest gift to man, — the capacity to be a good judge. After a long period of such service,

he is now chief justice of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He is equal to the duties of that high office as it has been administered by a succession of magistrates, that historic record of professional and judicial honor. And no name or lineage, Mr. President, has contributed more to this history than that to which you are by blood allied, and which has made that old commonwealth a guiding-star in the constellation of our sisterhood of States.

There were others of that little boy Brotherhood who, as they matured, accepted and declined the highest offices tendered to the profession of the bench and bar.

Among the many who attained equal eminence in other professions than that of law was one, the best beloved of all, the brother of our Brother Curtis, now by my side, to whom we have just listened, as we always do, with admiration and delight. That brother, following those mysterious laws of nature which guide our lives, made his home in the country life of our motherland, choosing for his profession, not the law, but the gospel and the Church.

As I look back upon that band of young brothers I miss the most lovely and love-inspiring who all left us early for that shore "which no cable reaches and from which there is no return." But these young brothers, Mr. President, were, as young men are apt to be, a little over-wise. We concluded in our grave counsels that our Society was an ideal dream. We had not lived long enough to know that it is truly wise to re-

member and reverence the dreams of our youth. We thought it impossible to realize the idea of Alpha Delta Phi; that young men could not foreknow the destiny and character even of their fellows; that our choice would often err, and, worse than such choice, the failure to choose might often be unjust to others, and that the Society, therefore, could not be a society of the truly elect ones of youthful and mature life; that it must fail, in short, for its idea was of impossible attainment. For this reason, and this reason only, we resolved to discontinue our elections. We announced this determination to our sister chapters, that holding at the highest the worth to our country of such an association if possible, we deemed it impossible. We laid in the grave our young hopes; but the recollections of what they and the Society had been to us could not die. They remained with us as the companions of our lives. And yet, Mr. President, the impulses of the whole nature of man are a wiser guide than his reasonings. And when my eldest son, *true in all things*, became a member of Alpha Delta Phi, my heart went back to it, my faith revived; I was born again into our new Brunonian Chapter. And last year, in the absence of our honored president, being requested to introduce the speakers in the symposium to an audience in Providence, *in memoriam* of our youthful hopes, *in memoriam* of one dearer to me than my heart's blood, I consented. There we listened to the true spirit of Alpha Delta Phi as it came from the lips of the

president of the college of that body of Christians who live by the spirit; and from the son of one of our clergymen of Providence, whose life and very countenance was always a benediction, — a son now filling the sacred desk at Harvard; and from one who has carried to yet higher honors the illustrious name he bears; from Edward Everett Hale, whom nothing but the depths of ocean keeps from us to-night; and from the representative in Congress of the districts of Plymouth Bay and the Old Colony, whose high trust at Washington holds him there to-day with the grasp of duty. We listened to these men speaking to the Brotherhood near the end of its first half-century, just previous to the larger and more public, and, indeed, magnificent, symposium at this semi-centennial. And we felt that we heard the “privatest, secretest” spirit of the Society, the idea at the very heart of its being. That idea was that the true life is a life of service and not of self-seeking. And in this conviction the fervor of the young and the experience of the mature meet and clasp hands. Mr. President, is not this the true spirit for the bench and the bar? We all know that the only reason for the existence of civil society is the protection of man in his endeavors to live according to the laws of his being. That for the existence of civil society and for this protection tribunals must exist, to determine controversies. That these tribunals have three functions and three classes of officers, — one to perform and present for others, and not for themselves, the different sides of a

cause for judgment; another to render that judgment in the cause, not for themselves, but for others; and a third to carry that judgment into execution, again not for themselves, but for others.

As these functions are performed in the spirit of Alpha Delta Phi, so far are they rightfully performed. Mr. President, you will not expect me to dwell on these axioms, in presence of so many of the bench and the bar who understand them so well, and who in their lives illustrate this essential department of civil society.

THE PROGRESSIVE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN LIFE.

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER.

Mr. President, Brethren of the Fraternity:—

THE progressive elements in American society, which have contributed so much to make this country what it is, could hardly be better represented than by our two presidents here to-night, and the two great names in American history which they so worthily represent and embody to us in visible form.

When I remember the first chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the part he played in the formation of the Constitution, which has ever since remained the true and adequate exponent of our national life, enduring almost unchanged for nearly a century,—one of those statesmen, conservative without timidity or bigotry, progressive without rashness, to whom we owe that Constitution,—when I recollect the brilliant orator and lawyer of Massachusetts, whose name will always be the proud inheritance of this country as that of one who brought to the debates of the Senate and the platform, and to the deliberations of courts of justice, an earnestness of purpose, an untiring labor, an affluence of learning, a splendor of

Oriental imagery, that wove into one gorgeous fabric the pearl and gold of the East, and the enduring and sober material that is characteristic of the West, I cannot but feel that in these two men we have before us representatives of the true progressive element in American society. We rejoice in their work in the past. It gives us hope and encouragement for the future. But we must remember that one of the difficulties we encounter in the progress that we aim at, is the curious conservatism of the American people. No doubt it is necessary that time-tested precedents and principles should be preserved and protected. No doubt, when any new expedient is to be tried, there should be a conservatism which says: Don't be too fast. Here is a danger to be avoided. There is a curve you have got to make for the sake of safety. To harmonize this conservatism that moderates with the spirit of progress that impels, is the task of to-day. We are at a turning-point in our history. During the twenty-five years from 1845 to 1870, the one prominent force that agonized the heart of this nation, and almost tore it asunder, was the gradually rising conviction that slavery must in some way be abolished. When victory had crowned our banners, there came of necessity a reaction,—a period in which men were satisfied with the results of the great national undertaking, and rested upon their laurels.

During the past twelve years we have passed through a period like that which England passed through at

the time of the Restoration. The names of Sydney and Russell shed some light, but the pages of its history are mostly dark. Milton maintained a serene dignity in the midst of revels which Macaulay well likens to the riot of Comus and his motley crew. Corruption and selfishness seemed to have eaten away the heart of public morality. Our sons will wonder at the baseness and greed which have disgraced the public men and public councils of America since the close of the war, and at the indifference with which they have been generally treated by the public. And now, as we look forward to the future, our reliance, under God, must be in that progressive element in American society which carried us through our colonial life, and through the first century of our national existence.

We have only been resting in order to press forward with renewed vigor.

Let us not, however, underrate the danger that lies before us, or the force of the corrupt and selfish element to which I have referred. It meets us at every turn, and when we think we have chained it, we hear its cry of derision in some new quarter.

The great Roman poet, to whom Dante looked as his guide through the gloomy shades of the "Inferno," has taught us that cunning and fraud made those heroes

"A villain's prize;
'Gainst whom not valiant Diomede,
Nor Peleus' Larissæan seed,
Nor ten years' fighting could prevail,
Nor navies of a thousand sail."

The spirit that subordinates the welfare of the people to the gain of the individual, and understands the art of "turning public trusts to very private ends," will destroy us unless we destroy it.

The distinctive and progressive element in American life, to which I have referred, that has made us in the past a great nation, that carried us with success through the war, and will carry us through this other no less important contest with like success, is the spirit of freedom.

First among the nations we declared that equal rights were the birthright of every citizen.

First among the nations we declared that no special privileges should be granted by law to any individual, but that all should have equal opportunities. To this end we offer a public education to every child. To this end we have general laws by which chartered rights can be obtained by all who comply with the requirements prescribed for all alike. To this end we gave freedom of speech and of the press. We had faith in liberty.

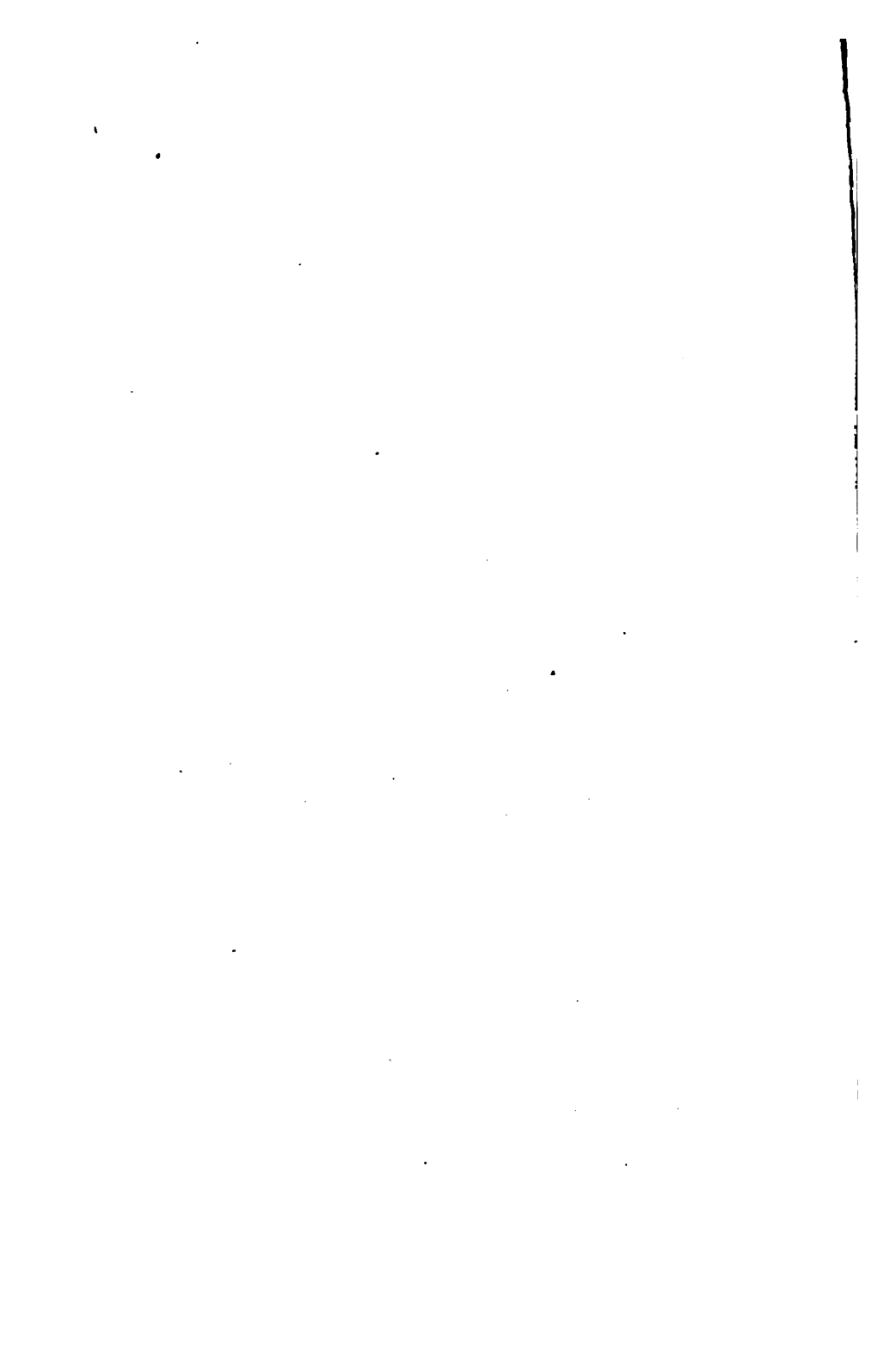
Whatever in public life or public custom gives special privileges to individuals, or shuts the doors of advancement to all but the favorites and friends of a few,—whatever taxes the whole people to advance the fortunes of a party or a party leader is not American. It ought to be hateful to every American heart.

The poet of our Fraternity, whom we, in common with every civilized nation, delight to honor, has fitly sung the pæan of American freedom. Let us remem-

ber his ringing words, and let them give us courage and hope : —

“ Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust,
And make us desire to be free.”

This was the spirit that found a home in the breast of our founder. It has always been characteristic of our Fraternity. As long as it animates that Fraternity, we shall continue in the future, as we have in the past, to form no unimportant part of the progressive element in American society.



PUBLIC EXERCISES, 1888

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

FOR THE

CONVENTION, 1888.

BENJAMIN W. FRANKLIN, *Chairman*

ROBERT F. BIXBY

WILLIAM B. RANKINE

ALFRED L. MANIERRE

ROBERT S. RUDD

GEORGE N. MESSITER

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HENRY L. SPRAGUE

For the Executive Council

EDWARD BAILEY

JARVIS R. FAIRCHILD

ARTHUR DOREMUS

THATCHER T. P. LUQUER

WILLIAM M. K. OLCOTT

DWIGHT W. TAYLOR

For the Manhattan Chapter

For the Columbia Chapter

PUBLIC EXERCISES, 1888

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

By the Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, President of the Fraternity

THE ALPHA DELTA PHI FRATERNITY, AN EMBODIMENT OF THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT

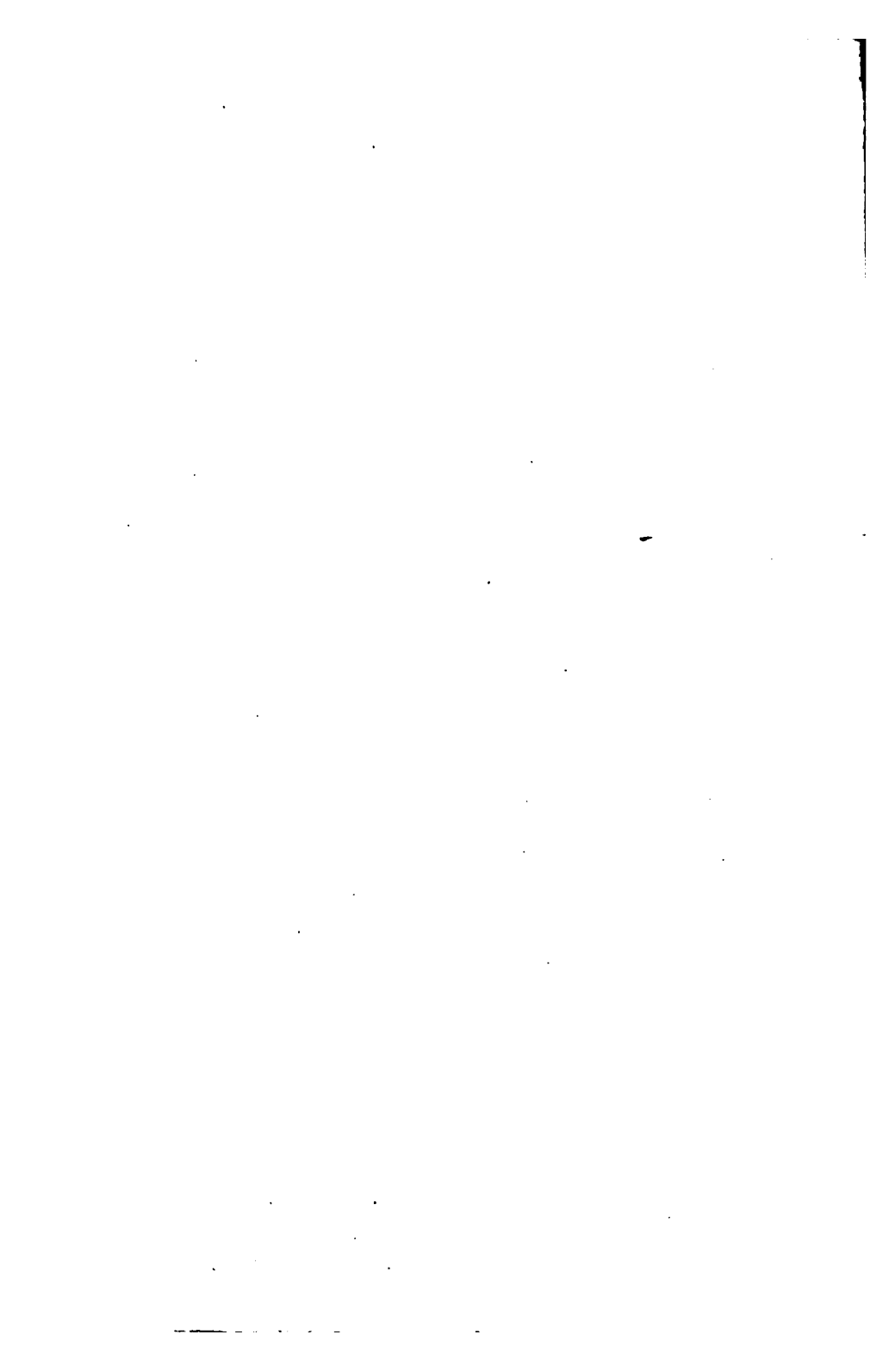
By EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE IDEALS OF ALPHA DELTA PHI

By the Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL.D.

HOW TO SERVE THE COMMONWEALTH

By the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.



INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY THE HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE,

President of the Fraternity.

Brethren of the Fraternity, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—

WE have assembled to celebrate the fifty-sixth anniversary of this great and growing Fraternity, to renew the associations, and to realize, let us hope, the dreams of earlier years, to cement more closely the ties that unite these twenty chapters of different colleges in one common brotherhood of letters and of friendship.

It is my pleasant duty to welcome the delegates to the hospitalities of their metropolitan brethren, to recall the glorious past of the Society, to forecast its possible future, and then to introduce those more eminent brethren who will discourse on graver themes, as they shall deem most appropriate to the occasion.

This splendid and spacious building, so well adapted to the grandeur and the dimensions of the Society, has been fitly chosen for this meeting. It is the home which the great metropolis has provided for its milder and better dissipations, musical, dramatic, social, literary and religious. The weird strains of German opera

have hardly yet ceased to resound through these galleries, and, for aught I know, its monsters and goblins are yet threatening us behind this lowered curtain. And even to-day, one of the great religious bodies of the world, gathered from all States and from all countries, from far Cathay, from Southern India,—all the States represented from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts,—have been discussing that vast question which torments the people periodically everywhere; nor have they yet determined that serious question, whether a woman can be a layman,—and if not, why not? Well, brethren, we are not safe against the incursion of the same unsettled question. While Wellesley and Wells and Smith and Vassar continue their generous emulation, who knows how soon their representatives—their fair representatives—will be knocking at our doors? And who of the brethren will refuse to welcome them with open hearts and wide-extended arms?

The events of the closing year in the history of our organization have included two memorable and signal events,—the celebration by the Amherst Chapter of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, when there was gathered within the walls of old Amherst a large proportion of the men and of the women who have illustrated and adorned the public and the social life of New England, and when there was delivered that matchless oration upon the study of history as one of the aims and objects of this Society, by our

revered brother, Richard S. Storrs, who carried off, as he always does, the honors of that most interesting day. And next, the revival of the long-defunct Yale Chapter, restoring us to our old position in that ancient and honored university, that has sent forth so much of manhood, wisdom and patriotism to the service of the country.

I am not here, brethren, to reveal the inner secrets of our Association—they are too sacred to be discussed in a hall of this magnitude. Our greatest secret has long since been discovered by the world—I mean the secret of success. And then, too, it is an open secret, which we can no longer conceal, that while primarily the object of our Association is mutual admiration, incidentally we labor also for mutual improvement. But, seriously, I may say that the character of this Society may challenge comparison with that of any other in the land for exalted aims and honorable ambition. As a literary association certainly it has had its fair share of success. Had it produced nothing more than the choicest flower of American scholarship, James Russell Lowell, and the honored names of George William Curtis and of Edward Everett Hale, it might close its doors forever with the comfortable reflection that it had not existed in vain. When you remember that it has given to the country such clergymen as Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Storrs; that it numbers among its members such men as Eliot

and Dwight and Gilman, the presidents of the three great universities of Harvard and Yale and Johns Hopkins,—it need not to boast of its literary success. With pure aim and manly purposes, with earnest and manly character as a qualification for membership, it has long held a high place in all the colleges. Then, too, as a temperance society, I claim for it an important position in all the institutions in which it is established. If it helped, even in a small degree, to rescue the student from the saloon, to strike down his fingers from the wine-cup, it would be entitled to the lasting gratitude of the friends of all colleges. As an aid to education, especially in the smaller colleges, it has been recognized by all the authorities as useful, in season and out of season, as a help to the governing bodies; and I think I am not claiming too much in saying that in these days of the newer and higher education, which is based upon physical development, the members of this Society have done their fair share.

You have all been interested in the great question so recently discussed, and I hope now finally settled, of the place of athletics and physical culture in the higher seminaries of learning. I think there went through the country a feeling of disappointment when it was announced that a committee of the Overseers of Harvard College had recommended prohibition, for the future, to students of that institution from all participation in intercollegiate athletics. But when, finally,

it was yesterday discussed and decided by the Board of Overseers that the true principle to be applied was that the intercollegiate contest was the real key to the athletic question, and that it should be permitted, but regulated by law and by order, the true solution of a most vital question was reached.

It seems like a peep into ancient history to look back to the day when our venerated founder established the institution and initiated the first members of this Society in 1832, in Hamilton College. Little did he dream that from the little acorn that he was then planting so mighty an oak was to grow, and how many thousands of men, more or less learned, and more or less distinguished, were to gather beneath its branches. Little did he anticipate the sterling progress that the people have made in every department of life since that day, the gigantic strides with which the young nation has stalked across the continent, which was then almost an unbroken wilderness. The changes and the complete revolution of ideas wrought by the war seem to have brought us into an absolutely new era. Why, when Father Eells was laying the corner-stone at Hamilton, Andrew Jackson was President of the United States; Marshall was still Chief Justice; there were but twenty-four States still hugging the Atlantic, and numbering only fourteen millions of people; the city of New York had only two hundred thousand inhabitants; the slave power, as for thirty years after-

wards, was still the ruling power in the land, and the ordinance of nullification was even then foreshadowing the war of secession; Garrison was being mobbed in Boston for daring alone to believe and proclaim what now everybody believes; Prudence Crandall was being imprisoned and boycotted by the pious people of Connecticut for daring to teach a few colored girls to read; education had undergone hardly any changes; Latin, Greek and mathematics were still regarded as the whole staple of a liberal education; the whole object of colleges was believed to be the manufacture of clergymen, doctors and lawyers, and none others; our American literature had not yet begun; steam had not begun to work for us; the telegraph was not yet even dreamed of; Hamilton College was as far from Yale and from Harvard as Alaska is to-day from New York; there was as yet no such thing as an American press, because each newspaper was isolated and spoke only to a narrow circle of readers in its own locality.

I do not refer to this remote past and this day of small things in which our Fraternity had its origin—at the very threshold and starting-point, as it were, of our national progress—for the purpose of claiming for it the credit of all the great and good things which have since been accomplished, although our catalogue will show that, in the triumphs of war, and the not less-renowned victories of peace, our brethren had at least a fair share, as was to be

expected of a brotherhood which made intellectual aims and manly character the standard of its membership,—I go back to these humble beginnings of things, in the midst of which our Fraternity-life began, only to remind you, by the startling contrast which suggests itself without any description or recital, of the changed conditions under which educated men live to-day, and how everything that has contributed to modern progress has only magnified and multiplied the powers and the responsibilities of the true scholars and learned men of the day in their relations to their fellow-citizens and fellow-men. No man to-day who has a light can hide it under a bushel. Whoever thinks, if his thoughts amount to anything, thinks for a nation; and when a really great man speaks, he speaks to all the world.

A striking illustration of this condition of things, of this supreme power and responsibility of the great scholar to-day, has been furnished us within the past month by the almost simultaneous utterance, on the two sides of the Atlantic, of profound and searching criticisms by England's foremost writer and critic and by America's greatest scholar and poet, in which they discuss our present condition,—the one with regard to the state of our politics, the other as to our place in what he calls the higher civilization. The one of these great men speaks on a New York platform, and the other writes almost at the same moment in an English magazine; and

straightway all England and America are set to thinking upon what they say. The words of each of these men cut deep, and if you will compare them with the daily jargon which is now being poured out in Congress on either side of the tariff question, which nobody reads at all, or with the bouts of senatorial prize-fighters, which nobody ought to read, you will realize how broad and grand is the theatre in which the scholar and the thinker plays his part. I call your attention to these two utterances because, although at first blush their combined effect seems a little discouraging to the pride or vanity of the patriotic American, a more careful perusal leaves upon the mind a most hopeful view of our affairs, and of the possibilities of our future.

It so happened that, only two years before, Mr. Arnold, in a previous article on America, had given us politically and socially a clean bill of health, and had declared with great emphasis that the people of the United States had solved the political problem and the social problem with undeniable success. And as if anticipating Mr. Lowell's somewhat gloomy apprehensions about corruption in our public life, and about our practical politics breeding only a race of small politicians, he had used this remarkable language: "The Americans themselves use such strong language in describing the corruption prevalent among them, that they cannot be surprised if strangers believe them. For myself, I had heard and read so much to the

discredit of American political life, — how all the best men kept aloof from it, and those who gave themselves to it were unworthy, — that I ended by supposing that the thing must actually be so, and that the good Americans must be looked for elsewhere than in politics." But when he came here he said that "at one dinner in Washington I met half a dozen politicians whom in England we should pronounce to be Members of Parliament of the highest class in bearing, manners, tone of feeling, intelligence and information. And I discovered that, in truth, the practice so common in America of calling a politician 'a thief' does not mean so very much more than is meant in England when we have heard Lord Beaconsfield called a 'liar' and Mr. Gladstone a 'madman.' It means that the speaker disagrees with the politician and dislikes him."

Now Mr. Arnold was a warm friend to America, and had many warm friends here, and it is not too much to say that his death is lamented here as sincerely as in England; and when you read his last article, his dying message to America, although he, too, uses strong language when he says that "in what concerns the higher civilization we live in a fool's paradise," he concedes, you see, that for those who live in it, it is still a paradise, and you necessarily draw very great encouragement from the meagre facts which he states in support of this theory. The lack of beauty and the lack of distinction are all that he

alleges; and when he gives his specifications for these charges, he is open, in part at least, to contradiction. When he found no interesting landscapes, he tried the impossible task of framing an indictment against a continent. When he found no beauty here, it must have been for lack of opportunity, for evidently he had never been at a reunion like this. Then, when he surveyed our historical public characters, and found that Washington alone had what he calls distinction, and that Lincoln, with all his great and good qualities, for which he gives him full credit, had not what he calls distinction, we perceive that it is a kind of distinction which we can very well do without, and still find many a great American interesting to ourselves, his countrymen. And we leave Mr. Lowell to answer him for us, by saying, as he does: "I am thankful to have been the contemporary of one among the greatest of men, of whom I think it is safe to say that no other country and no other form of government could have fashioned him, and whom posterity will recognize as the wisest and the most bravely human of modern times. It is a benediction to have lived in the same age and country with Abraham Lincoln. Had democracy borne only this consummate flower, and then perished like the century-plant, it would have discharged its noblest function." Thus in a multitude of critics, as of counsellors, there is safety; and though we must plead guilty to a want of cathedrals and of abbeys and parish churches,

and of everything else which has come down from a remote antiquity, and to an unbridled and licentious press, which invades the sanctity of every home and the privacy of every life,—though the game of brag is still our popular game, and almost nobody ventures to condemn it,—yet if these are all that makes America unfit to live in, they are but faults and blemishes which time, we hope, will cure; and in the mean while, until we can make it better, we must be content with America as a tolerable place for Americans to live in, and thank God for that. Mr. Lowell frankly concedes that we are suffering no evils but those which time and faith will cure. And his address itself is, as it seems to me, the best, and a complete, answer to his own complaint of the decay of our politics and our public men. When such men as James Russell Lowell, and those associated with him in the independent movement, devote themselves with such courage and ardor as they have done for the last four years to the study of practical politics, it can no longer be said with truth that the best men in the country abstain from that important pursuit and leave it to corrupt and mercenary inferiors; and surely there is no body of men in any country who have practised politics to such advantage and with such eminent success as they have done. They have dictated nominations, and boast, with reason, that the balance of power is in their hands. However we may question their methods and doubt

their conclusions, the potency of their action is no longer open to dispute.

I do, however, most earnestly dissent from the proposition which they so strongly urge, that there is no hope of reform within the ranks of both, or either, of the great political parties into which the country is naturally divided, and that the only hope of reform is from without. On the contrary, I confidently believe that the decay of our politics, which all must acknowledge, has arisen in no small measure from the neglect of their political rights and duties for the last twenty years by the great body of the educated men of the country, and the still greater body of the business men of the country, whereby the management of party affairs has been left so largely to those who make it a trade and a profession; and so I hail with delight and satisfaction the revival of interest and action, in any form, in these great representative classes of the community.

The renewed attention which has been given of late years in all our leading colleges and universities to the study of political economy and other public and constitutional studies, is one of the most cheering signs of the times; and if by this or any other means the great body of our young graduates, as they enter into active life, can be inspired with the earnest purpose to be faithful to their political duties and trusts, the much-needed reform will be already secured. The truth is that, in all our great cities especially,

the struggle for professional and business success is so intense, the struggle for existence and position so overwhelming, that the plea is too often accepted that our best men have no time for consideration and action upon public affairs. But if our institutions and liberties are worth saving, they can only be saved by eternal vigilance and action on the part of those whose education and interest in the public welfare qualify them to take part in the public questions on which it depends. Our unexampled material progress and success are in one respect our greatest danger; but the true antidote to the intense and growing materialism of the age and country is in the hands of our educated men, and if these fail us, we may well despair. "There is surely no lack among us of the raw material of statesmanship," as Mr. Lowell has so truly declared; and when any great peril overhangs the country, as in the case of our Civil War, great men will be ready for the emergency, and new Lincolns and Stantons and Grants will arise to meet it. But what I plead for is a little more — yes, a great deal more — of attention in ordinary times to public duties on the part of those who are qualified to discharge them; and so, and so only, shall we have purer politics and better government.

THE ALPHA DELTA PHI FRATERNITY, AN EMBODIMENT OF THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER.

THE wonderful change which is coming over the visible world, and which renews every spring the whole face of nature, is but the outward expression of invisible forces which never slumber. The pink or yellow or white which begin to fleck the boughs in every forest and in every park, delighting alike the hearts of the countryman and the citizen, tell a tale of powers which have been hidden through the winter, but which will soon array every tree and shrub with that living green which comes once a year to tell of the fruit and harvest that are to be. Man is beginning to learn that there is a law of development for the race as well as for the tree. The most fortunate governments are those, in which the law that wrought to adapt them to the needs of a great nation has been arrested by no malign influence. The hand of an idle boy may break or deform the slender sapling that nature meant for a tall and shapely tree. The selfishness and ambition of a few have often thwarted the growth of a peo-

ple, and marred and defaced what ought to have been a happy and united national existence. The best governments are the outgrowth of the conditions and requirements of the people they are intended to serve. Of none is this more true than of the great Republic of the West. Who could have predicted two centuries ago that the few seeds of national growth scattered along the Atlantic coast, and just beginning to sprout, would have grown to such a stately forest! Let us consider for a moment the law of our national development, and the distinctive features of our national life that have resulted from it. And if we find that these features have found an embodiment in our own Alpha Delta Phi, we shall love our country better because of the Fraternity, and the Fraternity will be dearer to us for our country's sake.

The distinctive characteristics of the United States of America are well expressed in the motto dear to every brother, *Manus multæ — Cor unum*. First among the nations of the world we succeeded in uniting separate and independent States into one organic whole, without impairing the essential independence of any of the States, or the rights of the individual citizen. The whole fabric of our Constitution rests upon the assumption as a self-evident truth,—that in every free government the rights and privileges of every citizen shall be equal, so far as it is possible by legislation or constitutional enactment to produce such equality. We recognize the natural

diversities which exist between the individuals that compose the commonwealth. We admit that some of them are endowed by their Creator with greater talents or greater energy than others; and that, by the exercise of these talents and this energy, very marked differences in their condition will be created. We do not, in the search for Utopian uniformity, seek to abolish these diversities. But our fathers did declare, as a fundamental principle of our government, that these should not be increased by legal discriminations; that the avenues to employment and activity in every walk of life should be open to every citizen alike. The institution of African slavery, which existed at the formation of the government, and which its framers felt themselves at that time unable to abolish, was the one exception to the statement which I have just made. It became the source of unnumbered woes, and not until it was abolished, as the result of a long and bloody war, was the work of the founders complete.

These characteristics of our Republic were not an absolutely new creation. They were the ripe fruit of the suffering and struggles of our race for many centuries. Wherever civilized man had been brought face to face with the opposing forces, either of nature or uncivilized tribes, and had found himself obliged to depend for his peace and prosperity upon his own exertions, rather than upon the protecting hand of some paternal government, he had, while recognizing the rights of the individual citizen, learned that only by

the union of all the citizens into one community could rights be secured. Each community, as it found itself insufficient, by its separate resources, to accomplish the results at which it originally aimed, stretched out a hand to those who were in like case with it, until on the shores of the Baltic and Atlantic alike, towns had been knit together into leagues, and the congresses of these leagues, composed of delegates from the communities which had thus confederated together, exercised some of the functions of government. But never, until the establishment of the American Union, had any confederation recognized both fundamental principles, — that individual prosperity could be secured only by the organic union of these diverse elements; and, that individual freedom could only be maintained by reserving to each the power of local self-government. In France and in Spain, the various provinces that united together to form the French and Spanish monarchies had, indeed, achieved a union; but in both countries this union of isolated states was formed at the expense of the liberties of the citizen. On the other hand, the towns of Germany and Holland, that formed the Hanseatic League, had failed to establish one united government, and their confederacy, in consequence, had gone to pieces.

The first settlers of this country came to a wilderness, uninhabited by civilized man. The various communities which they formed were too scattered, and the opportunities of communication too infrequent, to enable

them at first to form a united government, even if the mother-country would have tolerated any endeavor in that direction. Many of them were planted under the auspices of an English proprietor, whether a corporation like the Massachusetts Bay Company, or an individual like Penn or Lord Baltimore. But the necessities of life in the wilderness compelled them to local self-government. In some cases, as in Connecticut, the town was the primary unit, and the assembly of delegates from the towns formed the first government. But even where the government was created otherwise, the influence of the units, by whatever name they were called, — whether towns, as in New England, or counties, as in the more Southern colonies, — was potential in the ultimate result. In each locality some independent organism managed local affairs, and sent delegates to a central and representative body, in which the concerns of the whole community were regulated with more or less freedom from the control of the royal governors. Then the colonial governments began to crystallize. The conditions of the colonists, exposed as they were to Indian warfare, and to attacks from the French, were so similar that these isolated governments gradually found it essential to their safety to confer together respecting measures for common defence. The expedition to Louisburg was the result of such a conference between the New England colonies. Then first the troops of these colonies fought side by side under their own colonial commander, and their suc-

cess gave them courage for even greater undertakings. Some of the gunners who pointed the cannon in the trenches before Louisburg stood behind the ramparts of Bunker Hill. After the Louisburg expedition, and in the steady march of national development, came the first Congress of Philadelphia, at which delegates assembled, not with power to bind the colonies they represented, but simply for the purpose of consultation. This was followed by the meeting of other similar bodies, and finally, in 1776, a Congress of delegates from the thirteen colonies declared their constituents to be independent States. The war of the Revolution, and the necessities of defence against the common enemy, knit them still more closely together, and the Constitution of the United States was the natural outgrowth and development of the lessons which the experience of over a century had taught our people, who learned in their new homes more practical wisdom than the statesmen of the ten centuries before had taught.

All this to us is familiar. It may seem to you, indeed, trite and unnecessary to be spoken on such an occasion as this. But how can we recall too often the form and presence of our own American freedom, "the fairest of all the daughters of time and of thought," who inspired one of our own Fraternity in that immortal ode, which is unsurpassed in our English tongue, and worthy to rank with Pindar's loftiest strains: —

"Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien,
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
Our sweetness, our strength and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are."

We rejoice to-night — it is fitting that Americans should rejoice whenever we meet together — in all the glories of our country. But we must not forget that the necessary effect of the rapid increase of our wealth is to produce inequalities in social condition. The danger, when these inequalities become extreme, is that the fundamental doctrine of the equality of each citizen before the law will be overlooked. In the fierce struggles for riches and power, combinations are formed, the aim of which is so to use existing laws, or to obtain such new legislation, that the men who compose them are to all intents and purposes elevated into a privileged class, who, in the race for success, secure by artful devices or by legal enactments advantages which the great majority of their fellow-citizens do not enjoy.

It is not my purpose to specify the many striking instances of this thoroughly un-American spirit to which I have just referred. Some of our people have forgotten so entirely what American principles are, that they habitually stigmatize them as British. But the application of general principles is always

most effectively made by the individual, and I forbear to press them further.

Simple as these principles to which I have called your attention seem when thus briefly stated, it is an extraordinary fact that other nations, older than we, have been very slow to profit by our example. As Mr. Edison aptly said: "The simplest things are always the best, and the last to be found out." Our mother-country found herself confronted, by the adoption of our Federal Constitution, by the same problem that confronted us. That problem she has been striving ever since to solve. With slow and gradual steps she has to some small degree followed our example. Every one of the principles to which I have called your attention, and conformity to which has made this country so great, so happy and so prosperous, has been systematically neglected by the Parliament of Great Britain in its government of Ireland. The local self-government that prevails everywhere in America has absolutely no existence in an island that is governed entirely, even in the minutest matters of roads and bridges, by authorities appointed in Dublin by a lord lieutenant, who in his turn receives his commission from London. Lord Salisbury fails to realize that the real remedy for Irish grievances is to give to Ireland local self-government. Gladstone forgot that it was equally necessary to retain for her that representation in the Imperial Parliament, without which she

would either be a subjugated territory or a weak and isolated atom.

In Germany important progress has been made in the adoption of American institutions. The old German Empire went to pieces, because it lacked organic unity between the different states which composed that federation. These states have now given to their central government powers somewhat similar to our own, and have preserved to the different states which compose it a degree of independence which theoretically exceeds that retained by the States of this Union. But the great preponderance of Prussia is such, both in legislation and in military and financial strength, that practically, though not theoretically, the union of the German Empire is as complete as that of the United States. On the other hand, the power and influence of the military caste is controlling in Germany, and notwithstanding the progress that great country has made towards enlightened freedom, she is yet far from realizing the peace and prosperity of the individual citizen that can only be experienced in a free country. To England and to Germany alike we can wish nothing better than that they should follow our example, not necessarily in outward forms, but in the elements essential to their national welfare.

It is not surprising that these integral principles of our American Union should have found expression, not only in our Federal government, but in many

forms of individual life. When a government is the outgrowth of national character, and not a mere form imposed by force, or adopted in a moment of enthusiasm, it must of necessity have its analogue in many other organizations. It was natural therefore that young Americans in our colleges should have united to form fraternities, which embody the true American spirit, in its essential characteristics of freedom of the individual, of local self-government and of the union of local self-governments into one organic whole. So far from discouraging such organizations, wise college authorities encourage them, and find that their influence in college life is not unlike the influence of the American form of government upon our whole people. In these fraternities the rights of individual members are sedulously respected. The very essentials of their organization require that each individual, whatever his natural advantages or disadvantages, should be treated as a brother, and entitled to all the privileges and immunities of every other brother. We stand on the broad platform of mutual helpfulness and absolute equality. Each chapter controls its own local affairs. Each expresses the distinctive genius of its own college; and the diversities which prevail in these, in their methods of education and in the scope of their curricula, have their expression in the characteristics of the chapters their students have formed. On the other hand, the tendency to a narrow exclusiveness, which the enthusiasm of each

college tends to foster, is checked by the union between the different chapters which combine to form the whole Fraternity.

We meet here to-night as brethren. We assemble from farthest Bowdoin in the East to the Peninsular of Michigan, of which Chapter, as of the peninsula in which it is situated, we can justly say, in the words of the motto of the State, "If you seek for an abode that is comely and fair to behold, you need only to look around." In this union we renew the joyful meetings of our youth. We clasp hands with warm and friendly greeting, and realize that in the principles we learned to love in college we have found joy and satisfaction, not there alone, but throughout the whole years of our life. It is because all these are so dear to us that we are here to-night. The promises which were made to us when we joined the Fraternity have been more than realized, and we hope in many assemblies like this to rejoice in the past, and to look forward with hopeful courage to the future. But, friends and brothers, remember this. It is not alone for our individual satisfaction that these principles were made the framework of our Fraternity. They are just as essential to the well-being and prosperity of our whole country as they are to our beloved Alpha Delta Phi. No matter how plausible the reasons adduced for forsaking them, no matter how advantageous their violation for a time may seem, it is sure in the end to be fatal. The good of the whole

can, in the end, be secured only by that which makes for the good of the individual. The real welfare of the individual, on the other hand, is closely bound up with the welfare of the commonwealth. Freedom, justice and prosperity are forevermore one and inseparable.

THE IDEALS OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

BY THE HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL.D.

Mr. President and Brethren of the Alpha Delta Phi:—

I WAS lately greatly pained to learn that our Fraternity belonged to a very dangerous class of associations. I was told that we were a kind of Illuminati, or Carbonari, or Rosicrucians, or Freemasons, and, when I demurred, I was told that at least we were Hermetic philosophers. Now a Hermetic philosopher I suppose to be one of the most fearful wildfowl living. The trouble seemed to be that we were a secret society,—a sort of gang of Forty Thieves, meeting in caves not furnished with the traditional ascetic rigors of the hermit's cell, and with by-words that were supposed to open to other feasts than those of the sesame. I was so stirred by these representations that I began to look about me and to scrutinize my fellow-conspirators. The worst of the whole gang would of course be the captain, an ill-favored fellow, probably, robed in a long black cloak, with a peaked, broad-brimmed hat slouching heavily over his brows, skulking around corners, brandishing a dagger, big,

grim, scowling, repulsive, an awful figure to look upon, and there [indicating Mr. Choate] he sits.

Then his fellow-criminals,—oh, with what infinite skill they conceal themselves! There is that deep and dark conspirator beyond the Brooklyn Bridge, and with such consummate duplicity he hides his fell design under a mask of noble eloquence, of generous scholarship, of Christian life, that we are deceived, despite ourselves; and just as we are about to say, “Oh, artful deceiver!” we instinctively exclaim, “Oh, incomparable Storrs!” We are surrounded, I think, by such a crowd of conspirators that you may be very sure that to whatever they set their designing minds, they have already, in advance, secured its accomplishment. Not sweeter is Jessie, not more the flower of Dumblane, than one of our number is the very flower of legal lore; and from no other lips, I believe, do those melodious words tort, trover and replevin fall with such alluring music as from the lips of Theodore Dwight.

Meanwhile, there is one of my comrades upon the stage, whom, I fear, that I must devote, without mercy, to reprobation as an unmasked, unblushing and untiring conspirator. For I know of no beneficent reform, no energetic movement to lift the world a little and push it a little more smoothly on its way, which is not sure of the encouragement, the sympathy, the aid, of the mind, the heart and the hand of Everett P. Wheeler. Nor shall he be forgotten by

me, whose name has already been pronounced to your applause, who, if I may believe these critics of ours, is always plotting the worst of mischiefs, but who, to the unsuspecting ear, seems to be the sweetest and the truest of living singers; to the unclouded eye, the most upright of men; to the perceptive mind, an all-accomplished scholar; to the patriotic heart, the model citizen, who has the highest courage of citizenship, the will and the power to tell us our own faults, the flower of Alpha Delta Phi, our brother, James Russell Lowell. And of him, my other friend, what shall I say? Of him, who is the double of all of us, and who, long ago, outbid all his doubles in their futile efforts to rival or to reach him in his various and noble activities,—of him, who, by his deed, as well as by his word, has taught us to look up, not down; to look forward, and not backward; to look out, not in; and to lend a hand. What shall I say of him, but that which our hearts at this moment say? “Hale, king that shall be!”

Well, now I have mentioned to you a few of our gang. These are the conspirators of whom I was warned, and these are the jewels of our mother, Alpha Delta. Of course, gentlemen, the blood curdled in your veins, as mine did, when I heard my friend, Mr. Wheeler, begin to speak of our underlying principles. We are wrapped in awful mystery. The Alpha Delta Phi house is a silent bourne,—silent, that is

to say, to the outsider,—from which no whisper returns. I have heard that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. I know that good Americans, while they live, wish to belong to Alpha Delta Phi.

I have never been able to conceive—I do not wish to conceive—what would be the fate of the man who should draw the curtain. I can only say to him—to that chief of sinners—what a good deacon in my boyhood used to say in exhorting all of us sinners: “Suppose, my friends, suppose you should wake up to-morrow morning and find yourself dead, what would you say then?” The fate of him who should tell, I suppose, would be that of the Member of Parliament whose name should be called by the Speaker. “Well, father,” said the young inquirer, “what would happen if the Speaker should call his name?” — “My son,” replied the father solemnly, “I do not pretend to know, but I suppose the sun would stand still.”

If these be our conspirators, can we not a little infer the conspiracy from the lives, from the characters, from the careers, of these men? may we not catch some glimpse, not of the secrets, but of the ideas, of Alpha Delta Phi?

Goethe said to the young man, you remember, “Remain true, young man, to the dreams of your youth.” Emerson, as he grew older, sang: —

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

And Wordsworth, in whose verse sounds that still,
sad music of humanity which has been reproduced
for us in the melodious lines of Matthew Arnold:—

"The youth who farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
Until the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

What are our ideals, gentlemen, but the prolongations of that vision? Those of us who have already advanced far into that common light of day have learned that experience is but the name with which we describe the justification of the truth that the poet tells. The familiar conflict of life—what is that but the strenuous endeavor to maintain the glowing faith, the high hope, and, shall I add, the simple and beautiful credulity, of youth? Believe me, it is better to trust men than to distrust them. It is the man who believes who accomplishes. We need not run to meet sorrow, and disappointment will come to meet us, and will come more than half-way. The worst wreck is the man who renounces the

dreams of his youth and stands stripped of his illusions. How many men in our experience are like houses, — at sunrise the doors and windows wide open, the sunshine streaming in, the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, filling all the chambers; and, as day deepens, the doors are closed, the windows are darkened, and silence and sadness and shadow rest over all. Yet still the sun shines; still the birds sing; still the winds blow; but sun and song and the sweet airs of heaven in vain solicit entrance. While the man in whom loyalty to the dreams of his youth survives, who is not ashamed of enthusiasm, who is not daunted by disappointment, whom baffled effort does not dismay, whose hope still soars and sings over every shattered endeavor and dimmed anticipation, who does not doubt that midsummer will come because spring tarries, but who, like Henry Clay's hunter of Kentucky, when his rifle miscarries, merely picks the lock and tries again, — he is a house which is the supreme work of the Divine Architect, a living human being open at every pore, night and day, to all the sweetness of earth and all the brightness of heaven.

In this world, courage, faith, hope, persistence, enthusiasm — these are the conquering forces; these are the ideals of Alpha Delta Phi.

I have heard much of majorities and minorities. But remember that you must have your own conscience on your side, or all the majorities in the

world will give you no consolation. "There is one man," said Garfield, — "one man whose approval I must have, and that is the man who wears my hat."

There is no great gain for the world recorded in history, there has never been a forward step taken for the benefit of humanity, that was not achieved under the leadership of a minority. The minority is the sharp, keen, well-tempered point that pierces and enters first and enters alone; the majority is the mass and weight of the staff that drives the spear-head home. In America we are said to revere majorities. Well, in this country, in every popular government, the majority, of course, must govern, but it has been because, now and always, there have been Americans who loved duty more than a majority; who, like the colored soldier at Fort Wagner, who, shot to his knees, and with his life ebbing fast, yet held the flag high and said, "Brothers, that shall not fall." It is because there are, and always have been, such men that there is an America worthy of Washington, worthy of Lincoln, the oldest child of Liberty, the hope of the world.

Be true to this ideal, brethren of Alpha Delta Phi; hold it fast, and "the vision splendid" will attend you to the end, and will never fade into "the light of common day."

HOW TO SERVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. President: —

It is a very simple thing I have to say. I understand from the President that I have only to furnish the application of the marvellous words which have been spoken to us. And as an old friend of mine said, when at twenty years of age I began to preach, "Edward," said he, "you can always omit the application to the sermon; for if the people are such fools they cannot make it for themselves, there is no good that you can do to them." If you have listened to these words that my friends have spoken before me, and have not been able to make the application of them, not the angel Gabriel, nor any one of the heavenly company, can help you to do it. You must do it yourself.

I remember perfectly well a dear friend of mine — I am not sure whether he belonged to Alpha Delta Phi or not — when he returned from Berlin told me that one of the most interesting things there was to watch the lives of the young fellows who talked nonsense with pretty girls until two o'clock in the morning, flirted, played the popinjay, ogled and gig-

gled, and so conducted themselves that you were forced to conclude that they were no good at all — mere butterflies. Well, next morning, when you took your little walk after breakfast, you would see one of these same young fellows in his uniform, erect and soldierly, looking every inch a man, marching into town at the head of his company, having done his five or six miles that morning in the service of his country; you were forced to think then that, after all, that popinjay and the other popinjays were good for something. They knew what they owed to their country; they were ready to serve it.

My friend asked me, in a rather critical way, what there was in America to take the place of this lesson, this example of service to one's country. You have been reminded by two speakers of the duty that you owe to your country. What are you going to do about it? The debt cannot be denied. Everything has been done for you to give you a good start in life. What are you going to do to pay that debt after you leave college? God be praised you are not called upon as are those unfortunates abroad, — every man to shoulder a musket ready to shoot down his fellow-man when ordered to do it. God grant you never may be! What are you going to do for your country in these days of peace? It is just here that the German traveller, or the English traveller, or anybody else who comes from the other side of the creek which separates us from what we call the Old World,

— it is just here that they blunder. They will compare our government with theirs; they are absolutely entirely distinct; they think the President is a king; they think that Congress is a Parliament. They go on talking in that fashion, and then they say, “Why don’t your young men try to get into Congress when they leave college?” God bless us! why should they go to Congress? There are more members of Alpha Delta Phi in this country than would fill Congress and all the State legislatures. Where are the educated Americans to go then? There are not enough places in Congress to go round. That is the trouble there. The critics on the other side don’t understand, in the first place, that every member of Congress must, under our practice, abide in the district which he represents. It is different with them. A man may live in London and represent a district in Ireland. But Mr. Justin McCarthy couldn’t live in New York and represent a district in Colorado or Wisconsin.

They don’t understand how small a portion of the business of the country is done in Congress,—how small a portion, even, of the politics of the country belongs to Congress; not a man of them can be made to understand the great importance of State governments in our affairs. You are more familiar with their statistics than I am, but if I calculate and remember correctly, one of your members of the Lower House in Albany represents a little more than 43,000 persons. A Member of Parliament in Eng-

land represents, I think, about 45,000 persons. The number represented is about the same. The contrast should be made, not merely between the number of educated men in the State of New York who go into Congress, and the number of educated men who go into the British Parliament, it should take into account the number of men who go into your State Legislature.

I have never had the pleasure of the acquaintance of many members of the New York Legislature. I have met but two or three. I am sorry that any person laughs when I say it. The three persons whom I recollect as members of the Legislature of New York would certainly have done honor to any parliamentary assemblage in any nation, in any period of history since parliamentary institutions took on their present form.

I believe that most of the commonplace criticism which ridicules Congress; which ridicules the State Legislature, even of the smallest of the States, is criticism which comes generally from those persons who have not obtained seats in the bodies of which they speak. My own impression has been, when I visited the legislatures of different States,—and I have visited many of them,—has been that their work was done conscientiously, faithfully and well, by men of the people, who knew the people, who knew what they were about, who understood practically the government of the country.

But this I say, rather by the way. First, I wish to notice that familiar criticism everywhere made by people who travel here from abroad, that our educated men do not interest themselves in public life. It seems to me that it is a very shallow view which supposes that speaking in public, going to common-council meetings, and that sort of thing, are necessary to the idea of duty in public life. I should like to ask if my own profession does not demand activity in public life; whether a person who stands week after week before an assembly of people, and tries to instruct them in the moral law which should govern their conduct, is not in public life? I should like to ask whether those ladies and gentlemen who direct the education of the city of New York, so far as I can see, with an amount of wisdom, certainly with results that are magnificent, with results more than princely; for princes, so far as I have seen, never undertake such things,—I should like to know if they are not in public life? I should like to call your attention to the truth exemplified in our own history, that in some of the greatest crises, this country has been led by men who were not in those walks of life which, I am told, all of you gentlemen should strive to enter, if you love your country. Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton, the two men who did more than any other men to make possible the material progress of America in the first fifty years of this century, were not in what is called public life. Eli Whitney,

a graduate from Yale College, before he had finished his twenty-first year, and before he had left college a year, — remember that, young gentlemen, — had revolutionized our history by the invention which he made in the State of Georgia. Robert Fulton, the man who compelled the existence of the steamboat in the face of all doubts and predictions of failure, and who, therefore, made the whole Western emigration possible, — who called into existence, one might say, the whole valley of the Mississippi, — was not in “public life.” But were they not in “public life” in the truer sense? Did these men serve this nation, or did they not? Would they have served it better if, being educated men, one had joined the common council of the city of New Haven, and the other the common council of the city of Philadelphia? What the fathers of this country meant when they made its Constitution was, that the government of this country was not to be in this legislature, or in that legislature, but that it shall be in the men and women who do their duty in whatever station of life they fill; it shall be in the men and women who build up happy homes. It is by them that America is governed, and he who goes into that life is one of the leaders of America.

The lesson, then, gentlemen, is, that you are to carry these secrets of Alpha Delta Phi, — which I will not whisper, even, to the gentleman who sits here, he may learn something of them after he leaves

this hall,—you have to carry these secrets, and to carry the great underlying principles of moral rectitude, of honor and integrity, which mark the Christian gentleman everywhere. You are to carry the eternal principles of government, of which we have been so well reminded this evening, into every home and calling, however humble, however exalted. You have got to carry there the principles of Alpha Delta Phi, the principles of Christian honor and the foundations of the Christian religion; and whatever you do, you are to recollect that you are taking that ten-mile march at the head of your regiment; that there is no morning that dawns upon you but you are in public life; that there is not a duty that you discharge but has its effect upon the men and women who are around you and the children who come after you. You are to see to it that in the city or the mining camp, wherever your lot is cast, so far as you can contribute to it, the law shall be respected and obeyed. You are to do your duty everywhere. That can be done by men not as old as Eli Whitney when he revolutionized the commerce of the time; that can be done by men who have not the inventive genius of Fulton; that can be done by every honorable man who is true to the principles of Alpha Delta Phi.

But I am told that this is all very commonplace. God be praised, it is! The most commonplace thing that I happen to be acquainted with is the

Christian religion. Faith, hope and love,—these are the chief elements of life; though they are commonplace, let us never be ashamed of them.

Now I am told that if I am artistic and want to travel,—travel being the great object of the human race,—if I want to go from place to place, I shall find nothing in America worthy of attention,—“nothing distinguished, you know; really nothing, you know, worthy the attention, you know, of cultivated men, don’t you know?” But there is a good deal to see, thank God for that!

I had the pleasure of the society of a distinguished English lady in crossing the ocean a few years ago. I used to walk the deck with her a great deal. I did not ask her how she liked America, because it is a very large question; but she told me without being asked. *She said that she liked everything in America but two things.* She said that she didn’t like Gothic architecture in America. She said that in Chicago,—that portion of it which had been built up since the fire,—there were churches where the architecture of one part differed from the architecture of another by fifty years. For me, I was amazed that it was no worse. I said in reply: What cathedral do I go into in England where the elegant verger does not tell me that one part is four hundred years later than another. But really, I was tempted to say, that if she wanted to study Gothic architecture she should have stayed at home.

The truth is, as a keen critic who has travelled much said to me to-day, we travel abroad to study material things, to see monuments, statues, buildings and other such things that please the eye, but the careful traveller at home may see things which are certainly distinguished in their way. When I heard in conversation this criticism, which I have never seen, about the absence of anything "distinguished" in our cities, I asked myself what was the last American city I had visited in my winter travels. As it happened, it was one of the smallest of American cities,—the city of Burlington, in the State of Vermont. I may be told that there was nothing distinguished there. Perhaps not; but I know that, as we entered the town, as I looked back on the Green Mountains, which had been white with snow all day, but were now rosy red in the glory of the setting sun, I thought I saw one of the noblest visions I had ever looked upon. I turned back to look upon the clouds of sunset,—to see, far away, the sun as he went down between the broken range of the Adirondack Mountains. Between was the white ice of Lake Champlain. So far as nature has anything to offer to the eye, I had certainly never seen in the travels of forty years any position chosen for a city more likely to impress a traveller as remarkable, and to live always in his memory. I had been summoned to Burlington on an errand connected with the public administration of charity. It was supposed that, as I came from Boston,

I knew how cities ought to be governed. Anyway, I was up there as an expert. Now what was the chief thing I found? Those of you who have been in Burlington will know that I was in a city of palaces. I mean by that, that there are private homes there, which, while they have the comforts of a log-cabin, display the elegances of a palace. But I shall be told that this is not distinguished now,—that this may be seen everywhere in a country as rich as America. Let it be so. Then they took me to visit a new hospital, arranged with everything which modern science knows for the treatment of disease, with a staff of surgeons and physicians who might stand unawed before the great leaders in their profession; and they told me that here any person in Vermont who was in need could be treated by the best science of the nineteenth century, and with the tenderest care that the Christian religion inspires. They told me that this institution was maintained by a fund of nearly half a million dollars, given by one lady, for this purpose of blessing her brothers and sisters of mankind. If this be a commonplace monument, let us thank God that we live in a commonplace land. They took me then to their public library. They showed me the Canadian emigrants from the other side of the border, thronging the passages that each might have his French book to read, the German emigrant pressing for his book,—they showed a perfect administration for the supply of these needs. And they showed me that they had not only provided for

the rank and file in this way, — providing, observe, thousands of books in German and thousands of books in French, — but they showed the “last sweet thing” in the criticism of Dante, the last publications of the archæological societies of Italy, — books and prints which had been issued, well, let us say it among ourselves, for as dainty people as you and I are, for the elegant students of Browning or of mediæval times. They had taken as good care of us in our daintiness as they had taken of the Canadian wood-chopper, or of the German mechanic. This seemed to me rather a distinguished bit of administration. And so I might go on to tell you about other arrangements for charities, of their forelook in regard to sanitary arrangements; and when I asked them on the particular matter which I was sent for to give counsel, — how many people they had in their Blackwell’s Island establishments, in their public institutions for the poor, I found there was a momentary question whether there were *three* of these people at that moment, or possibly *four*!

That is so distinguished a condition of affairs that I should not dare tell that story in any social science congress in Europe. It would be set down as a Yankee exaggeration. People would say it was impossible. It is not impossible, because the men and women of Burlington have known how to give themselves to the administration of the wealth in common. Among other things, I may say in passing, they have known how to suppress the open bar. I have no need to discuss the details.

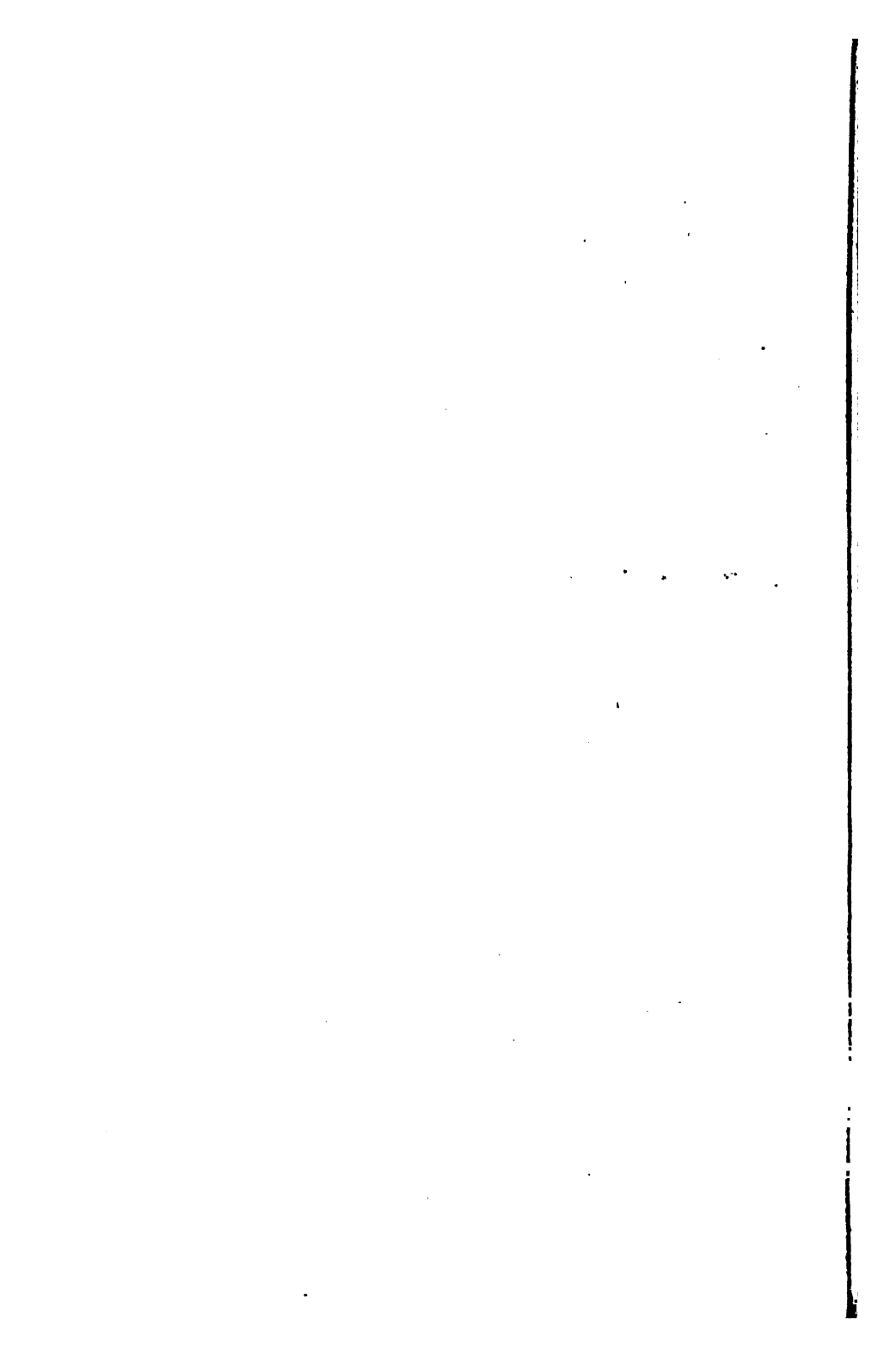
Indeed, it may be that I ought not to have been betrayed into these details. My only excuse is, that such details illustrate what I mean, when I say to you young gentlemen that, on your right hand and on your left, you will find, if you want to find, the place where you can be at work for the common weal. After what has been said this evening, it would be absurd if I attempted, even in a word, to encourage you to such a duty.

Let me return to my text, young gentlemen—to the question of my friend, which I cited when I began. Whatever may be your choice of profession or occupation on the day that you leave the university, see that you begin this public-spirited march at the head of your company. Wherever you happen to be, you are to live for the commonwealth—the wealth in common; you are to remember how large the commonwealth is; you are to remember how very large is the amount that has been paid for public institutions; you are to remember how much of our property is held in common for the use of the humblest mechanic, for the use of the meanest child born in this nation. It would probably not be far wide of the truth to say that three-fourths of the wealth of America is now held in common for the common good. It is to be administered by the educated men in America. If you believe me, it makes very little difference for your power to lead whether you are Grover Cleveland in the White House, or whether, at the head of some local school

committee, you are doing your best for the people who are around you; no matter what position you are in, you can live in public life and do the duties of public life; you must do it. Indeed, it is not I who say this; it is not Mr. Curtis or Mr. Choate or Mr. Wheeler who enjoins you by the lessons of their experience. It is said to you by all the generations from the beginning.

The country demands it of men who have had your advantages, and every voice of the history of these centuries, if you will read that history rightly. You receive your commission, not only from the teachers to whom you listen to-day, but from all the martyrs and all the prophets since that country was born, who have been building up these institutions under which such life as yours is possible. That you may do this duty, these men have lived and died. It is for this that the compact was signed in the "Mayflower." It is for this that these churches were founded in a wilderness. It is for this that Harvard and Yale and Princeton, and the throng of colleges represented here to-day, were chartered and endowed. It is for this that the fathers marched elbow to elbow, and died in battle, if it were needed, in giving their lives for the common weal. It is for this that constitutions have been made, that States have been united into a nation, and that that nation has been preserved for a hundred years. Every voice of every one of the prophets and the martyrs, the soldiers and

the statesmen who have united in these victories, is a voice which addresses you. And every such voice speaks with the injunction to you, that each one of you consecrate himself to the service of the commonwealth, that each one of you lives with God, for man, in the kingdom of a present heaven.



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